FILE

THE LIVING AGE

DEC 7 1938

The World in Review

DEC

In This Number:

Faith in Hitler	*The Aga Khan*
Englishmen, What Now?	*R. H. Tawney*
Nazi Vanguard on the Gold Coast	*Marcel Homet*
Atlantis Rises! (A Satire)	*William Adams*
Pimpernel Ltd.	*H. P. Smolka*
Swastika over Alsace	*Ilya Ehrenbourg*
Switzerland Pays Lip Service	*H. F. Lütly*
Christmas in Malay (A Story)	*Henri Fauconnier*

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

THE Aga Khan, Mohammedan leader, writing in the pages of the London *Times*, speaks the views of the pro-Chamberlain Conservatives, who put their 'Faith in Hitler' and his word. Attacked by many readers, especially Captain A. L. Kennedy [see 'The World Over,' p. 292] for dismissing too lightly Hitler's program, as laid down in *Mein Kampf*, the Aga Khan retorted: 'As to *Mein Kampf*, it would be difficult for the author to repudiate expressions of opinion which were made at the time when he was struggling for the resurrection of the German people. . . . We can hardly expect any formal withdrawal of opinions; but we can expect him—as I suggested in my article—to keep always in view the interests of Germany.' [p. 299]

R. H. Tawney, a professor of economic history at the London School of Economics and author of many books in his field, is very much on the other side of the British fence. A member of the British Labour Party, somewhat to the Left, Tawney has often denounced, in flaming words, the British policy of 'truckle and scuttle.' During crisis week he was widely quoted as having said that 'some men are so irrational as to prefer dying on their feet to living on their knees.' The ambition to be eaten last which inspired our present policy,' he writes, 'is intelligible but futile. We shall (if we remain edible) be eaten all the same, nor shall we be consulted as to the date of the ceremony.' In our article, 'Englishmen, What Now?', Tawney puts down some of his observations and suggestions for the future. [p. 302]

H. P. SMOLKA, in 'Pimpernel Ltd.' describes the inner workings of the international passport racket, whose vast machinery is now specifically aimed at bleeding the hapless victims of Nazi persecution. The author, a widely traveled Viennese journalist and student of political economy, is known for his book, *40,000 Against the Arctic*. [p. 306]

WHILE it is generally assumed that in totalitarian States the public is kept in the dark about anything the Government wishes to conceal, it is less well known that British readers, too, are frequently treated like immature children who should not know all. In his article 'What Britons May Read,' Elwyn Jones, the author of *The Defence of Democracy*, reveals some amazing facts in this respect. [p. 310] What does the outbreak of a war look like to a newspaper correspondent who happens to be on the spot? According to the anonymous author of 'No News from Tokyo,' [p. 312] the situation at the outbreak of the China Incident 'did not look like anything that could not be settled in half an hour.' However, the author was forced to change his mind. The third article in our group, 'Censorship Under Three Flags,' is by the Italian correspondent of an émigré weekly and deals with the molding of public opinion in Italy. It seems that propaganda, even at its best, cannot forever deceive a whole nation. [p. 318]

LAST June, Mr. Lloyd George, speaking in the House of Commons, referred to our 'slummy Empire,' more specifically to conditions in the West Indies and other British colonies, where the welfare of the natives has been shamefully neglected. Indeed, the report of the Trinidad Commission about the causes of the riots on the island last year does not make pleasant reading. In his article 'Trinidad wants to be American,' by Arthur Calder Marshall, the author describes British ill-treatment of Trinidad labor, as compared to labor conditions in the United States. [p. 322] The next article in this section is

(*Continued on page 392*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

December, 1938 *Volume 355, Number 4467*

The World Over

THIS IS THE MONTH during which the birthday of Christianity is celebrated. Peace on earth, good will toward men. For a bit over nineteen hundred years that ideal, for a fleeting hour, has touched the hearts of men, in palaces and hovels, in arrogance and humbleness, making them for the moment brothers. And once again this year on Christmas Eve, when from the massive cathedrals of crowded cities and the lonely churches of barren cross-roads chimes ring out, men's voices will mingle and rise in a communal hymn of peace.

There is then, if we are to believe in the worth of Christianity, a deep-rooted desire for peace the civilized world over. But is it the peace of which Chamberlain spoke in empty phrases that momentarily clouded the real issues at stake in the Munich Pact? No. There can be no peace that walks hand in hand with persecution. Nor can there be any future for a civilization that disregards the past and prostitutes the present.

Trade treaties and economic blocs and armament agreements are but fragile scraps of paper; whatever else their value they are but poor substitutes for human decency. Increased bitterness, increased bloodshed, are the only tangible fruits of the Munich sell-out. Czechoslovakia's problems were not settled, but intensified. Daily there are bloody clashes between Czech troops, and neighboring German, Hungarian and

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Polish forces. The Munich Pact was more than a diplomatic defeat for England. It was a spiritual defeat for civilization.

There is peace on earth, and good will in the hearts of common men. But not in the chancelleries of Europe.

ENGLAND'S FUTURE, according to many competent observers, is dark; she is in danger of becoming a second-rate Power. Unfortunately, she appears intent on sacrificing other nations, along with her own power and prestige. Behind the scenes, the Chamberlain group is consistently supporting the German domination of southeastern Europe. Thus, in mid-November, King Carol returned empty-handed from his visit to London, with the disturbing knowledge that Rumania, too, had been handed over, politically and economically, to the will of the German Empire.

In the interim, there was great sound and fury, both in England and France, over the Nazi pogroms. And the constructive results were on a par with those of the Evian Conference. Nothing. It remained, in the end, for President Roosevelt to make the first definite move in protest against Nazi brutality. The recalling from Berlin of Ambassador Wilson and Commercial Attaché Miller, unprecedented in time of 'peace,' pointed the way to a boycott of Germany.

But the Jewish problem remains unsettled, and will continue so as long as fanaticism is allowed to rule the world.

THE AGA KHAN'S INTERPRETATION of the international outlook, in an article originally published in the London *Times* and reprinted elsewhere in these pages, caused a heated discussion in the pages of the London *Times* about the entire problem of Great Britain's future relations with Germany. The most prominent participant in this discussion—and one whose analysis differs vastly from that of the Aga Khan—was Captain A. L. Kennedy, former Berlin *Times* correspondent. His letter to the *Times* follows in part:—

> There are one or two points in the Aga Khan's article which are, to say the least of it, extremely controversial. He dismisses *Mein Kampf* as if it were a *folie de jeunesse*. Yet every German is expected to read *Mein Kampf*, and every young married couple is presented with a copy; and it is a permanent best seller in Germany with a sale to date of, I believe, 5,000,000 copies. . . . As is well known, it advocates in several passages the destruction of France and the seizure by force of non-German lands in the East. It would be quite easy for Herr Hitler to have those passages removed, but he does not do so. . . . Moreover *Mein Kampf* breathes in every page the cult of racial intolerance and of brute force in the attainment of political aims. Its program is being steadily carried out and its methods followed, internally and externally. How can the Nazi creed be made to fit in with the 'all-embracing system of collective security for mankind' which the Aga Khan foresees as the common goal?

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Furthermore, all political text-books in Germany take their cue from *Mein Kampf*. No German teacher or lecturer would dare to state views at variance with its spirit. War is being deliberately advocated as a proper instrument of policy. It may be admitted that we are all partly responsible for the resurrection of this philosophy—though *Mein Kampf* was written before, not after, the Franco-British diplomatic blunders of the post-Locarno period. But in any case the teaching is completely contrary to the principle of the Kellogg Pact, and it is difficult to see how Kellogg and Clausewitz can comfortably ride on the same horse.

In German school manuals it is usual to give a list of the Germans who are not yet united to the Reich. The list includes those in Alsace-Lorraine and the other places mentioned by the Aga Khan. Is it suggested that Germany should renounce these aims, or that they should be given up to Germany for the sake of peace? The point is somewhat easily skimmed over in the Aga Khan's article.

Nor can most people agree that the question of whether Herr Hitler can be trusted or not is irrelevant. To most people it seems extremely relevant to the conduct of long and complicated negotiations. No doubt the Führer has declared that the present frontier with France is inviolable, and the Aga Khan says, 'Let us take him at his word.' We would all prefer to take Herr Hitler at his word. It is much the easiest thing to do. But is it either justified or wise?. . . . He has followed the line of *Mein Kampf* rather than his public declaration. And it will be remembered that when he was entering Austria, Czechoslovakia was officially assured that she had nothing to fear.

I do not suggest that no attempt should be made to come to an understanding with Germany, but it only has the chance of stability if the fundamental difficulties are boldly faced and not lightly brushed aside as if they did not matter. No durable understanding can be based on misunderstanding.

THE FASCIST GRAND COUNCIL meeting which took place during the first days of October seems to have been the scene of bitter debate. According to the *Giustizia e Libertà*, Italian émigré paper, for the first time, perhaps, two rival camps came to an open clash. The pro-Hitler clique headed by Count Ciano, Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose hopes of succeeding his father-in-law have been greatly encouraged by Hitler, opposed the so-called 'moderate' group which is under the influence of several Fascist chiefs.

The moderates pointed out the necessity of considering the needs of the exhausted country and the plight of the people: the policy of adventure directed by Berlin has not repaid the enormous sacrifices it entailed. The extremists, on the other hand, affirmed that by following Berlin and its blackmail of the democracies, and with the help pledged by Germany, Fascist Italy would not only strengthen her position but would ultimately obtain her full share of the spoils.

On certain points, Mussolini seemed inclined to favor the moderates. However, since the discussions did not end in conciliation, the question of foreign policy was deferred to the future. Shortly after, the Duce shifted his position and went over to the extremists. This unexpected decision was obviously an outgrowth of the agreement reached by

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Mussolini and Hitler at Munich and of the threat of imminent schism by the extremists.

The Munich Conference, besides being the meeting between four statesmen which had the tragic results we all know, also permitted conversations leading to an agreement between the two dictators, the main points of which were:—

1. To apply against the democracies the tactics of extortion which led with such success to Munich;

2. To this end, the following tactics were adopted: Mussolini to take over anti-French propaganda with the aim of creating disturbances in Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco and in certain parts of France, while simulating good relations with England; Hitler to abet the revolt in Palestine and to unleash in certain parts of the British dominions subtle propaganda against England, while apparently stretching his hand in friendship to France.

3. The settlement of the war in Spain by the victory of Franco through unprecedented intervention by the two totalitarian Powers.

4. The Spanish war over, Hitler guarantees to Italy absolute predominance in agricultural, commercial and industrial exploitation of the peninsula. Spain is to become a *de facto* Italian colony. The army, navy and police, however, as well as Spanish public-services will be reformed in line with German discipline and placed under the direction of Italian-German mixed commissions. Italy will keep the Balearic Islands; along the Pyrenees, fortifications will be built and war materials amassed for an offensive against France in case of War; in Morocco, super-powerful 'installations' will neutralize Gibraltar.

5. France will be forced to choose between a war under extremely unfavorable conditions and peace bought at the price of cession of Tunisia, Corsica, Nice and Savoy.

6. In the Mediterranean, Franco-British power will be reduced to nil, to the advantage of Italy; Germany will be free to expand toward the East and, eventually, to regain her colonies.

As might be expected, Hitler's help to Mussolini is not without strings. The Duce must follow blindly the policy of the Axis, which is tantamount to saying, Hitler's policy. One other thing is certain: Fascism in Italy can only become more ruthless and aggressive because the country is growing increasingly hostile to it. The die has been cast and there can be no turning back. The Duce will march and he will march in Hitler's tracks.

THE WESTERN, AGRARIAN PROVINCES OF CANADA are strongly agitating for a secession from the rest of the Dominion, with plans already afoot to establish an autonomous State within the British

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Empire. News of the dissension in the house of our neighbor to the North strangely enough has failed to trickle across the border, and comes as an almost complete surprise to observers of the foreign scene whose eyes of late have been too closely glued to events in Europe and Asia. Disagreements between the Eastern and Western sections of the Dominion, however, are deep-rooted and extend back prior to 1840, at which date the two halves of Canada were united. The original division was between Upper Canada (Ontario) and Lower Canada (Quebec). Last month, demanding a vertical frontier, the radical farmers of the Western province of Saskatchewan, agitating for a re-division, urged the powerful United Farmers of Canada organization 'to assimilate and prepare authoritative material on establishing an autonomous Western State.'

The steadily growing discontent that led to this move is the far from cordial relationship between the Western wheat-growers and the industrialists of Eastern Ontario and Quebec. Most of the Dominion's 600,000 farmers and stock-raisers toil the year 'round to meet mortgage payments that go to Eastern banks. They maintain that the price they get for their grain is low, because the Government refuses to peg it higher, reasoning that increased prices would make it necessary for manufacturers to pay higher wages—and Ottawa is more responsive to pressure from industrialists than from farmers. At the same time, high tariff walls to benefit Eastern manufacturers mean that high prices must be paid by farmers for city goods.

Champions of an independent Western Canada have plenty of propaganda fuel. One argument, voiced most loudly in British Columbia, is the fact that the 3,278,000 people of the four Western provinces have only the same representation in the Federal Senate as the 1,064,000 inhabitants of the three miniature maritime provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. In all, the East sends 72 Senators to Ottawa, the West only 24; in Parliament, the East has 173 members, the West but 72. From this rises the West's claim that its interests are invariably sacrificed.

Further argument for secession from the Eastern provinces is the fact that the Western Provinces have increased their population 30 times in the past 70 years while the East, in the same period, has scarcely doubled the number of its inhabitants. In the Eastern provinces the vast majority of the people are of British or French stock, descendants of the early settlers. Foreign stock is in the majority in Manitoba and Alberta, and forms almost half the population of Saskatchewan. Predominating among the foreigners of Alberta are Germans, the followers of 'Bill' Aberhart's Social Credit Party; Ukrainians form the backbone of the alien strata in Premier John Bracken's Progressive-dominated Mani-

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toba; while Germans are a sizeable minority in Liberal Saskatchewan.

Economically, the older, Eastern Provinces are the seat of the Dominion. Most of the manufacturing and 90 per cent of the finance are concentrated in Ontario and Quebec. The little maritime provinces live mainly on fishing, small farming and tourists. From the boundary of Ontario, clear through to the Rockies, everything is concentrated on wheat, and this is the Empire's main granary, growing almost 500 million bushels, or four-fifths of all Canada's crops. The West also is rich in natural resources, with whatever heavy manufacturing that exists west of Ontario located in British Columbia. In a new Western Dominion, industry would thus be centered on the Pacific while the grain producers would be independent of industrialists and control their own enterprises. Direct shipments could be made to England from Churchill, port on Hudson's Bay. Probable capital would be the centrally located Edmonton, Alberta.

JAPAN'S FEAR OF COMMUNISM IN THE FAR EAST appears to have considerable more basis than most foreign observers are willing to concede. While Japan's explanation for the invasion of China has been termed by Tokyo as a step toward creating a buffer between herself and the Soviet, the motive has generally been regarded in the United States as a mere Red-baiting bogey. The twenty-first anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution early in November, however, indicates to what a great extent Bolshevism has taken hold in China. On the day of the anniversary, according to reports from Chungking, the new provisional capital, popular celebrations of the event took place all over China. The festivities lasted a full week in the areas not yet under control of the Japanese. Movie houses showed Soviet propaganda films to capacity audiences, four major newspapers published special supplements hailing a Sovietized China, while all the Chungking papers printed articles by political leaders and cultural figures on life in the U.S.S.R.

The day following the November 7th anniversary, Wang Ming, Communist leader of the Chinese Central Committee and a leader of the Communist International at Moscow, told the Chinese Young Communists that China would not negotiate for peace until the Japanese had been driven out completely. At the same time, Moscow sent a large corps of military strategists to aid Chiang Kai-shek, together with a large number of tanks, trucks and a fleet of planes, besides huge quantities of ammunition and field guns. The Soviet reinforcements came at the precise time to heighten the Chinese acclaim.

FRANCE, MEANWHILE, CURTSIED TO TOKYO after receiving a stiff note demanding that the authorities in French Indo-China clamp

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down on arms shipments to Chiang Kai-shek. France all along had denied that arms were being shipped to the Chinese Generalissimo through Indo-China. However, Paris last month thought better of annoying Hitler's Far Eastern ally and put an embargo against the importation of war supplies through both Indo-China and the French leased territory of Kwangchow Bay, south of Hong Kong. Following the fall of Canton, chief source of Chiang's supplies, arms were transshipped at Hong Kong and routed to Kwangchow Bay, where shipping quadrupled in a week. The supplies were transported overland from Kwangchow by four routes to the interior—to Wuchow by way of Watlam in Kwangsi Province; to Changsha *via* Kweilin; to Kweiyang by way of Nanning in Kwangsi and to Yunnan *via* Kweichow. These routes all are now reported blocked, leaving Chiang almost wholly dependent upon the Soviet for war supplies.

GRIEVING FOR CZECHOSLOVAKIA, Mahatma Gandhi, writing in the *Harijan*, organ of the Congress Party, declares that, in his opinion, the small nationalities cannot exist under Europe's new technique of organized violence and must bow their heads and become non-resisting vassals, as are the Hindu Indians.

> Europe has sold her soul for the sake of a seven days' earthly existence. The peace Europe gained at Munich is a triumph of violence; it is also its defeat. If England and France were sure of victory, they would certainly have fulfilled their duty of saving Czechoslovakia, or of dying with it. But they quailed before the combined violence of Germany and Italy. . . .
>
> Czechoslovakia has a lesson for me and us in India. The Czechs could not have done anything else when they found themselves deserted by their two powerful allies. And yet I have the hardihood to say that if they had known the use of non-violence as a weapon for the defense of national honor, they would have faced the whole might of Germany, with that of Italy thrown in. They would have spared England and France the humiliation of suing for a peace that was no peace; and to save their honor they would have died to a man without shedding the blood of the robber. I must refuse to think that such heroism, or call it restraint, is beyond human nature.
>
> These are not idle words I am writing. Let the Czechs know that the Working Committee [of the All-India Congress] wrung itself with pain while their doom was being decided. Though numerically we are a big nation, in terms of Europe, *i.e.*, in terms of organized scientific violence, we are smaller than Czechoslovakia. Our liberty is not merely threatened, we are fighting to regain it. The Czechs are fully armed; we are wholly unarmed. And so the Committee sat to deliberate what its duty was by the Czechs . . . were we to bargain with England for our liberty and appear to befriend Czechoslovakia, or were we to live up to the creed of non-violence and say, in the hour of trial for afflicted humanity, that consistently with our creed we could not associate with war? . . . The Committee had almost come to the conclusion that it would deny itself the opportunity of striking a bargain with England, but would make its contribution to world peace, to the defense of Czechoslovakia and to India's freedom by declaring to the world by its action

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that the way to peace with honor did not lie through the mutual slaughter of the innocents, but that it lay only and truly through the practice of non-violence even unto death. . . .

I do not know what actually the Working Committee would have done if the war had come. But the war is only postponed. During the breathing spell I present the way of non-violence for acceptance by the Czechs.

LATIN AMERICA ATTRACTS CLOSE ATTENTION this month, with South America playing a vital rôle in the post-Munich set-up and with a Pan-American conference scheduled to be held at Lima at which the question of Fascist and Nazi dictatorships will be the problem chiefly under discussion. Most of the countries—including Brazil, already classified with certain European autocracies because she is under a one-man régime—will endeavor to make it clear that they are flirting with no dictatorial ideologies of the Old World. Chile, which apparently has elected an ultra Left-winger, has already announced that the new Popular Front Government of President-elect Pedro Aguirre Cerda is an important check to Nazi-Fascist penetration. The Colombian Chamber of Deputies last month went on record in the formulation of a strong protest against the 'insults and provocations heaped upon Colombian intellectuals' by Nazi propagandists who are carrying on 'a campaign of totalitarian penetration' with 'impudent aggression.' Colombia had previously granted generous concessions to German commercial firms, and her army is being trained by German officers. A large influx of foreign capital, mainly German, has been noted in the Argentine.

The most radical delegates to the conference will be those of Mexico, already under considerable suspicion of harboring both the Nazi and Communist philosophies. Mexico will stand on her record, proud of an increased influence in Latin American affairs. Following secret sessions in November, Mexico will press for legislation to strengthen and implement her expropriation policies, which, it is believed, the other nations will adopt to enhance their own sovereignties. Cuba is likely to imitate Mexico more closely than the other nations, a fact that is already beginning to worry the State Department in Washington and the various American business firms with high stakes in Cuba.

The feared German penetration in South America is an existing fact. With Central Europe fast falling into the German orbit, Germany will soon have almost complete economic control throughout this populous area on which Latin America depends for export customers. Thus, Germany will hold an enormous grip over Latin American nations depending on acceptance of their exports by countries in the German trade system. Too, South America offers a vast potential market for German manufactured products. Hitler is pressing both these factors to the utmost.

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Here are two views, conservative and progressive, about the future prospects of preserving peace in Europe.

Peace *or* Truce?

I. Faith in Hitler

By The Aga Khan

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

PEACE prevails, thanks to the wisdom of the Prime Minister and those who loyally supported him in the Cabinet and the country. What about the future?

The foundation of world peace is an Anglo-French alliance by which all the resources of Great Britain would be placed at the disposal of France in the event of an unprovoked attack on that country, and *vice versa*. One hears two opinions on whether or not Germany and her Chancellor can be trusted to keep the peace. The question of trust is irrelevant. In dealing with dictators we must remember that, unlike hereditary autocrats, they are men who have risen by their own qualities from obscurity to be the rulers of their people. To have achieved this they must have had many outstanding qualities. Their essentially cold and calculating minds weigh the advantages and disadvantages of any course of action; and they will never risk their countries in a war save on questions of vital interest or honor.

Hence we must put ourselves in Germany's place and see whether or not aggression is to her interest. For Germany the incorporation of the German-speaking portion of the Austrian Empire was more than a question of interest. It was an historical necessity. European history since the Napoleonic wars has been one stream, one torrent, moving forward toward national unity wherever it has been artificially divided. Germany for the last one hundred years—whether led by the Liberals of '48, or Bismarck, the Austrian pan-Germans of the nineties, the democrats of the post-War period, and so down to the Führer and his Nazis—has followed this irresistible urge toward unity. Probably the War will be known to future historians as the 'War of the Austrian Succession,'

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to free the various races of that dynastic State and allow their return to their co-nationals. In 1938 Herr Hitler has completed the work from which Bismarck, threatened by Napoleon III, recoiled after Sadowa.

II

The substance of German unity is now achieved. What is still outstanding? Eupen, Malmedy and Schleswig are so small that no sane person can imagine a world war for these areas. Poland? Herr Hitler's greatest triumph, the foundation of all his later successes, was his prompt understanding with Poland, his acceptance of the fact that the Reich has more than 30,000,000 Polish neighbors, and that even a successful attempt to suppress their outlet to the sea would make eternal enemies of them. A 'live and let live' policy with the Poles, recognizing the Corridor and the fact that over 1,000,000 Germans would remain in Poland, has given Germany security in the east. She will not risk that security at the price of local conquests. Danzig will probably come under direct Reich administration by an amicable arrangement with Poland, and a similar accord probably awaits Memel. But it is inconceivable that such settlements could cause a world war.

Will Germany turn west and attack France? What for? Alsace-Lorraine? There may be 1,500,000 men of Teutonic descent in those provinces, but what about the cost of conquest? Germany would lose more than that total of young men, and from the demographic point of view, her wastage would be infinitely greater because on the youth so sacrificed the future of the race depends. Besides, what would Germany do with Alsace-Lorraine even supposing she got it at this terrible cost? If it be maintained that the object of such a war would be the control of the potash of Alsace or the minerals of Lorraine, the answer is that Germany could, at infinitely lower cost than war, buy much greater quantities of ore and potash from anywhere in the world. France and England would still exist and there could be no real peace with them.

Would Germany try to take the Channel ports? The cost of such an adventure would be even more formidable than an attempt to recapture the lost provinces. It would mean war with Belgium, thereby repeating the follies of 1914 and uniting half the world against the aggressor. We are told that in *Mein Kampf* Hitler wrote this and that. But every statesman in what Gladstone called 'a position of greater freedom and less responsibility' has said things and suggested courses that he never contemplated carrying out when in power.

What about the Ukraine? If Germany were to attack her, she would certainly have to consider the question of Poland, as an enemy or an ally. If she would be an enemy, the problem of the 30,000,000 Poles permanently hostile to Germany would arise. If she became Germany's ally in this venture, which of the two countries would gather the spoils? If Poland did so, she would become almost equal to Germany in power, and this certainly would not be to the latter's interest. Besides, a German Ukraine would place Poland in the nutcrackers, and she will certainly try to avoid such a fate.

We all know that Germany will ask

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for colonies. But can she use aggressive methods to obtain them? To conquer and keep colonies she would have to be stronger than England and France combined at sea. By the Anglo-German Naval Agreement Herr Hitler has recognized Britain's naval supremacy. As long as colonies are owned by other countries it is impossible to deny permanently Germany's right to share the white man's burden. As an Asiatic, I have no sympathy with 'the white man's burden' theory—I consider it the colored man's burden, after the model of Sinbad the Sailor. But there it is, whether Asiatics and Africans like it or not. To bring about a permanent understanding on the colonial question the men who negotiate for Great Britain must possess imagination, great ability, courage, and resource; they must not be tied down to precedent or red tape. Men with these qualities can arrange an African readjustment that will satisfy Germany once and for all. Merely to return one or the other of the old colonies is no solution. This matter must be tackled with boldness and vision.

By the time Herr Hitler lives to be 75, Germany will be a nation of about 100,000,000. Even then her population will be far less to the square mile than the populations of England or Belgium. The Führer and others have said that they need land, but they have also said that the population problem may be solved by their country becoming one of the workshops of the world. We must realize that there are spheres where, for geographical and natural reasons, Germany will be the dominating economic factor. Commercial treaties can be made by which Germany may become one of the great exchanging countries, and history proves that such business intercourse is for the good of all the nations concerned. These economic understandings will be the ultimate solution of Germany's population problem.

The idea of an ideological preventive war against the totalitarian States may be dismissed as too immoral to be worthy of consideration by the people of this country. So we have now reached the point in this survey of the horizon where we find no reason why the glorious victory for peace with honor won by the Prime Minister need degenerate into a truce. Reason, self-interest, conscience all point to peace.

III

What are the next steps to make peace a reality, and not drift again into a period of truce? Peace, like war, needs a positive active policy. A few practical suggestions may be offered.

The Führer has repeatedly and most solemnly declared that just as the frontier with Italy is final, definite and sacred, so he considers the present frontier with France to be inviolable. Let us take him at his word. Why not begin with a non-aggression treaty between Germany and France on one side, and Great Britain and Germany on the other? Such a treaty between Great Britain and Germany alone would not be in keeping with the spirit or letter of an Anglo-French alliance. But the conclusion of such a treaty between all three Powers would be the beginning of the work of building a real world peace.

Further, a complete understanding with Italy in respect of Mediterranean interests and safeguarding her communications with her African Empire would make enduring the prospects of

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peace among these four European Powers. This would naturally be followed by qualitative and quantitative disarmament, mutually agreed, and guarantees of one another's frontiers and colonies. Thus, by a natural process of evolution, the actively friendly relations of the four great Powers could be made the foundation of a new, real, growing, all-embracing system of collective security for mankind. [See 'The World Over,' p. 292.]

II. Englishmen, What Now?

By R. H. Tawney

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

NOW that the hymns to the Prime Minister and his peace show some signs of dying down, it is not irreverent, I hope, to examine in mere prose the events which have inspired these melodious exercises. The view which we take of the proper policy for the next decade must depend, to a considerable degree, on our interpretation of them. Hence some verdict on the crisis, however provisional, is a matter of life and death. We cannot merely leave it to the serene investigations of the historian of the future to disentangle its different aspects. If we do, his postmortem is likely to be held not only on it but also on us.

The authorized version of the story —if that term may be employed—is based on the narrative given in the Prime Minister's speeches of September 28 and October 3. In the former he stated that the Government had in July three alternatives before it, the first of which was that it 'could have threatened to go to war with Germany if she attacked Czechoslovakia.' This alternative, he explained, was rejected on the ground that 'this country would not have followed us if we had tried to lead it into war to prevent a minority from obtaining autonomy.' In the latter he stated that, territorial concessions having already been agreed to by the Czechoslovak Government, the essential thing at Munich was that 'we should quickly reach a conclusion, so that this painful and difficult operation of transfer might be carried out at the earliest possible moment.'

The picture of Europe sliding swiftly to disaster and then rescued on the brink of the abyss by an inspired British statesman has obvious attractions. Unfortunately, however, it leaves a good deal out. Three points in particular require some further consideration:—

1. The Prime Minister's account of events was inadequate in two respects. It seems to have misstated the point at issue and it ignored the part played by force in the final settlement. The question from July onward was not whether this country should engage in war in order 'to prevent a minority from obtaining autonomy.' It was whether Great Britain should do its utmost to secure that negotiations as to the future of Czechoslovakia should take place in an atmosphere of peace or whether they should be conducted to the noise of German troops on the march, raids on Czechoslovakia organized on the German territory and

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a torrent of threats from the German Government-controlled press.

That difference was not a trifle. It raised the question whether, in the words of Mr. Duff Cooper, 'one Great Power should be allowed, in disregard of treaty obligations, of the laws of nations and the decrees of morality, to dominate by brutal force the Continent of Europe.' In such circumstances, the right steps to take were surely two. The first was to inform Czechoslovakia that the British Government expected concessions to be made, and that such concessions were the condition of its support. The second was at the same time to inform the German Chancellor that Great Britain, France and Russia stood together on the points at issue, and, while prepared to take part in peaceful negotiations, would act as one in resisting violence and threats of violence.

The British Government took the first step; it did not take the second. The evidence of Mr. Duff Cooper, who attended Cabinet meetings as First Lord of the Admiralty, makes it clear that the British Prime Minister actually waited twice on Herr Hitler without a declaration of British intentions having been put before the latter in unequivocal language. To judge by the account which Mr. Chamberlain gave of the Godesberg interview, he appears to have been taken aback by the intransigence of his host. If the facts were as stated by Mr. Duff Cooper, the only surprising thing is that Mr. Chamberlain should have been surprised. He succeeded at the last moment, when the British Fleet was mobilized, in somewhat mitigating the methods to be employed in dismembering the Czechoslovak State. It is hardly possible, however, to resist the conclusion that force remained the major premise throughout the negotiations.

II

2. The crucial point in the story is the absence of effective coöperation between Great Britain, France and Russia. It is impossible for an outsider to say whether there is truth in French allegations of an '*incoordination voulue*' between the British and French Embassies at Berlin; the French Government, for obvious reasons, is not likely to give publicity to them. But the failure to make use of Russian help is glaring. Whatever may be thought of the Russian version of Socialism, it can hardly be denied that Russia has been for several years a loyal member of the League and that her international conduct has been well above the average. The importance of her active coöperation in the recent crisis was so obvious that the failure to make the most of it must be regarded not as a mere omission but as a deliberate act of policy.

What was the reason for that attitude? That question, though asked in the recent debates in the House of Commons, remained unanswered. Two replies may be suggested. The first is that the British propertied classes have not yet recovered from their hysterics about 'Bolshevism' and sacrificed the interests of their country and Europe to the reckless pursuit of a rather childish vendetta. The second is that coöperation with Russia would have thrown British policy out of gear. If the object of that policy was to put restraint on Herr Hitler, nothing clearly was more desirable than Russian coöperation. But what

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if its object was to strike a bargain with Herr Hitler at the expense of Czechoslovakia, with some face-saving thrown in? In that case, nothing would have been more embarrassing than joint action with a State which had the bad taste to mean business.

If that view is correct, the Prime Minister's conduct of affairs is intelligible enough. It is a further example of the technique employed—with unfortunate results—when he sought 'appeasement' by throwing his Foreign Secretary to the wolves. The public supposes him to have strained every nerve to check aggression by Herr Hitler. But if so, why did he not play the strong hand which he held for all it was worth? Another possible explanation of his action cannot, unfortunately, be ruled out. It is that his main object was less to restrain Herr Hitler than to reach an agreement with him, and that the injustice inflicted on the Czechs was part of the price. If so, Mr. Chamberlain's means were well chosen and his success complete.

3. One feature of the whole business deserves more attention than it has hitherto received. That feature is the refusal of the Prime Minister to give the House of Commons the opportunity of discussing the Government's policy until the essentials of it had been settled between himself and Herr Hitler. The excuse given by him—that the negotiations were too important and his leisure too scanty to allow him to meet the House—will really not do. The *Führer-Prinzip* is not yet part of the British Constitution. If the Prime Minister of a Parliamentary State has not time for Parliament, he may be a deserving person but he is not fit to be Prime Minister. As it is, a revolution in foreign policy has been effected which may affect the life of the whole nation for a generation to come, without the nation's representatives being heard on the subject till things had gone so far that debate was almost useless.

It is on that revolution and its meaning that public attention ought now to be fixed. Its consequences are likely to be considerable. The League has received its *coup de grâce*. The German dictatorship—concentration camps and all—has acquired an immense accession of strength. Every weak State has been taught that it has nothing to hope from the so-called great democracies.

Where and when Herr Hitler's next stroke will fall no one yet can say. It may be on the Ukraine; or again—since he appears to prefer blackmail to war—he may be satisfied for the time being to impose leonine contracts on the food, oil and raw material producers of Southeastern Europe. Our position, in the meantime, is neither dignified nor safe. We have surrendered whatever claims to moral leadership we may once have possessed. In return we have got time. It is not clear yet that we have got much else.

III

It is easy to make the Government the scapegoat for all this. Unfortunately, it is too easy. The Government has only behaved as it was to be expected it would behave. It is improbable that its members feel a positive enthusiasm for the manners of the dictators, which, after all, are pretty crude. It is only too probable, however, that they regard the alternative to them as infinitely worse.

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It is easy, again, to react into an attitude which assumes war to be inevitable and to acquiesce as a consequence in the mere piling up of armaments. That by itself is worse than futile: it represents the victory of Herr Hitler in our souls. Joint action with France, Russia and all other States which accept as a basis of their policy united resistance to aggression and the peaceful settlement of all disputes; a clear statement of British aims, so that foreign Powers, friendly and unfriendly, can understand them, which at present they too often do not; a willingness to redress such genuine grievances as may exist, especially when that course involves some sacrifice by ourselves; a refusal to be frightened when gangsters brandish revolvers—these things, though doubtless difficult, are not impossible. They would, at least, be a beginning. Is there a chance of the present Government favoring them? Not the remotest.

But the electors put the Government where it is. In spite of Herr Hitler's recent threats of his displeasure if we change it, the electors can turn it out, if they please, within two years from now.

If they do not turn it out, the presumption will be that they like it. In that case, a democrat must make the best of their taste. They ought, however, to know the real magnitude of the issues and to have a fair chance of getting what they want. Joint propaganda between members of different parties on limited and specific issues is a well-established practice of British politics. It compromises no one. The present situation is surely grave enough to justify a joint campaign of enlightenment by members of all parties who are not in agreement with the foreign policy of the Government.

In the meantime I should like to express the hope that we shall hear in future somewhat less of two topics. The first is the iniquity of the frontiers of Czechoslovakia fixed by the Treaty of Versailles. It is quite possible that they were inequitable, though that was not a reason for consenting to their change under threats of armed force. If, however, as has been stated, some members of the present Cabinet were among the gallant three hundred who sent the famous 'no concessions' telegram to Lloyd George, the less now said about that subject the better. Reference to it merely serves to remind us that our rulers include men who were then as insolent to the weak, as they are now servile to the strong.

The second topic on which we could do with less gush is the Prime Minister's peace. The unpretending courage of ordinary men and women is belittled by that stream of cant. We are all afraid of wounds and death, both for ourselves and for other people; but these emotions, though natural and human, are not among the major virtues. The Government's attempts to make capital out of them are nauseous. It is possible that prayers of gratitude prompted by relief at having saved our skins by the sacrifice of a brave and enlightened nation may be acceptable to God; but it is not so certain as it is now the fashion to suppose.

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One of the most precious possessions of European refugees is a passport.

Pimpernel Ltd.

By H. P. Smolka
From *Parade*
London Topical Monthly

'YOU can have any of these four categories: false real; real false; real real; real with citizenship.'

The commodity referred to was passports. My *vis-à-vis* represented the leading European gang of passport fakers, smugglers of refugees and emigrants, salesmen for Central and South American naturalization decrees (strictly legal!) and match-makers for so-called 'citizenship marriages.'

The Préfecture de la Seine, Paris's Scotland Yard, is a gray old stone building, looking half like a medieval fortress, half like a military hospital in a garrison town. At the corner, overlooking the bridge across the Seine and commanding a strategic view of the exit from the Aliens' Department, is a small café. This, like similar places in Montparnasse and even opposite the Opéra, teems with racketeers, waiting to throw themselves shark-like upon their prey: refugees in distress.

A brisk trade in false passports, permits of residence, faked certificates of nationality, forged visa and phoney labor cards goes on.

Determined to find out more about this racket, I went to that café one afternoon, posing as a refugee. A man, nicely dressed, with all the appearance of a respectable business man, watched me for a while, then came nearer and started a conversation. I told him a cock-and-bull story about having no passport and in the straightforward manner of an ordinary salesman he recited a list of 'goods' which he said he had on stock, together with prices and delivery terms.

I decided I wanted a 'false real,' not too expensive, and was offered a Czechoslovak passport for 1,500 francs.

'If that's too much for you, my boy, we can give you a rebate of 50 per cent on condition you bring us another customer for one of the more expensive qualities.'

I said I thought I'd be able to manage that sum.

'Right; then all you've got to do is

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to bring me two pictures of yourself and whatever names and birth-dates you wish to appear on your document.'

'And how about payment?'

'That's simple enough. You pay on delivery. Give me your address. Two days after you have handed me your photographs, etc., a district messenger will deliver a parcel at your hotel and you will hand him the money.'

I took my photographs to the little café the next day and handed them over to Mr. Pimpernel. I was surprised at his confidence, however, and asked him straight out: 'Suppose I were a detective. How do you protect yourself against the police?'

'Simple enough, my boy. I don't know who manufactures these passports for you. My job is only to find the customers and send on their names and pictures to a cover address (which is changed every other day). They make out the document and keep one of your photographs, together with your address and name. Another agent is sent out to a café near your residence. There he hires a district messenger and sends him up to your place to deliver and collect the money. My commission is sent to me the following day.

'If you were a detective, even now you couldn't do anything to me. I'd just state in court that I had tried to pull your leg. They can't prove anything against me. The district messenger does not even know what's in the parcel. If you were to follow him and track down the delivery agent, he would again be able to prove that he does not know who the manufacturers are. At the worst, he'd get a few weeks for being an accessory.'

'And suppose I did not accept the goods when they were delivered or refused to pay up?'

'They have your photograph and your name. They'd simply denounce you to the police by sending an anonymous letter. No refugee would risk that.'

The passport was delivered and looked as genuine as could be. I had it photographed and then destroyed it immediately.

II

Pimpernel Ltd.'s four categories are worth describing, however. A 'false real' is somebody else's genuine passport, 'washed' with chemicals and made out afresh in your own name, or any alias you choose, complete with your own photograph and your actual description. A 'real false' is a new passport form, manufactured in the suppliers' own printing works and again issued in your own name. 'Real reals' are a luxury class in themselves. They are new forms bought from some crooked police official or consular employee.

The most expensive class, 'real with citizenship,' consists of passports issued, together with citizenship documents, by some Central or South-American country or one of the few European midget republics, who specialize in that sort of business in order to fill up their treasuries. These valuable documents cannot be obtained for less than £300, but if you are wealthy you may be held up for as much as £1,000 to £2,000. There are rich refugees to whom legal citizenship is well worth such an amount.

There are only two drawbacks. You have to sign a promise never to enter the country whose citizenship you have acquired. And in one or two

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Central American republics a change of government or president has frequently brought forth a decree annulling all naturalization decrees granted in this way. The victims had to pay up once more to 'renew' their citizenship.

'Real reals,' I found out, range from £45 to £100, according to whether they are Nicaraguan or Honduran or French and Belgian forms. 'Real false' and 'false real'—quite safe for mere travel and even for inspection by local police authorities, I was told, but not advisable for use in the respective countries of origin—are quoted as follows:—

British £50.

United States £40.

French £20 to £30, according to market conditions at time of supply. If a fortnight's notice is given they can be obtained up to 20 per cent cheaper.

Most Central and South American qualities £15.

Dutch, Swiss and Scandinavian, which are scarce, £25.

Czech £5 to £10.

Polish and Balkan varieties £3 to £8.

German £2.

Austrian 30 shillings.

'Who would want a German or Austrian passport?' I asked.

'Three kinds of people,' was the methodical answer.

'(1) Chiselers, who want to milk relief organizations for petty subsidies.

'(2) Genuine refugees who came to France illegally and want to go on to England, where they can't get in without a visa.

'(3) People from Austria who obtained affidavits for the United States, but cannot use them because—although Austrian citizens—they had been born in a part of the old Monarchy which is now under Polish, Czech, Hungarian, Yugoslav, Italian or Rumanian sovereignty. The quota is applied according to birthplace and not citizenship. All but the German quota are heavily over-applied for. The applicant might have to wait for six to fifteen years unless he could "rectify" his birthplace.'

'And who supplies you with Austrian and German passports?'

'Refugees who are in desperate need of money and ready to risk stating they have lost their own passports, or new arrivals prepared to try registration as "black immigrants." Other documents, such as birth certificates, *permits de séjour*, labor cards or similar goods, are either printed from photographs or bought, "washed" and made out in the client's name.'

III

Women are much better off. For them 'husbands' can be provided at moderate rates, conferring their own citizenship upon them. There again, prices vary according to supply and demand and the comparative qualities of the countries.

Czechs are as cheap as £5, South Americans £5 15s.; but they are risky because there have been cases when wives were blackmailed when they wanted to get the divorce. Some 'husbands' even try to enforce their matrimonial rights, a contingency not foreseen in the bargain. I myself got to hear of two very tragic cases where refugee women with children, who had jobs offered to them as soon as they could legally take employment and who divorced their own husbands in

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order to conclude 'citizenship marriages,' were then blackmailed by the gang who had sold them their new bridegrooms.

Just as prohibition in America produced bootleggers and a host of rackets thriving on a legal system out of keeping with the natural ways of humanity, so the prohibition of human existence today has bred and nurtured a well-organized system of helpers ready to lend a hand in double-crossing the law. If you cannot escape from one country and enter another for lack of documents, and if you are too timid to solve the problem by individual enterprise, then an organization will immediately offer its services to you. There is a widespread ring of smugglers of human cargo carrying on their shady trade at great profit.

If you have ample funds you can get out of Germany quite easily. Local agents of one of these escape organizations will 'contact' you and arrange for you a well-planned escape. You hand them your own and your family's photographs and they will make out passports for you in Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels, or Copenhagen. Two experienced members of the gang will hire a car with foreign number plates, collect you from your house at break of dawn, and motor out cheerfully with you over any of the recognized international routes.

If you are less well off you will be able to find a willing member of the Storm Troops, or even of the Gestapo, who will 'arrest' you and 'expel' you over any frontier. I know of cases where such 'clients' were even given French visa by the 'Escape Manager,' for whom it was quite easy to counterfeit the rubber stamp of the French Consulate.

If things go wrong you can be sure that it will not be your guardian angels who will suffer. The modern Pimpernel is a gangster, no idealist.

The British public know that in the last four months several cases of aliens entering this country illegally have been unearthed by Scotland Yard. They were brought from Brittany in fishing smacks and fast motor boats to the coasts of Kent and Sussex. But Scotland Yard is less likely to have heard of five or ten times as many cases when these refugees did not reach the shores of this island.

I met a man in Paris who is convinced that his son was drowned in the Channel by an English captain from Le Havre who undertook to take the young man safely to England. A price of 1,500 francs was paid on the spot, and the merry tourist embarked on his 'cruise' together with five others at 9 P.M., on June 21st. The boy had promised to write announcing his safe arrival. But nothing has been heard of him since.

The theory is that on approaching territorial waters the cutter came within sight of coastguards, whereupon the human contraband was simply dumped overboard. It is a risk not previously explained by the transport agent to his client, but it is a system which has for many years been practiced by 'Chink traders,' contraband captains who smuggled Chinese into the United States.

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The news that Britishers don't get; how to cover the 'Incident' from Tokyo; side-lights on public opinion in Italy.

Censorship *under* Three Flags

I. What Britons May Read

By Elwyn Jones

From the *Tribune*, London Leftist Weekly

If FLEET STREET were to report the details of Government interference in the publication of news during the crisis, it would show a persistent attempt, unparalleled in time of peace, to limit the freedom of the Press.

It would reveal how the normal channels of information suddenly dried up, how the cartoonists of various newspapers were ordered to make no caricatures of Hitler during 'Crisis Week,' how the press was asked to withhold news about a plan to set up a Ministry of Information, and how, in some cases, Cabinet Ministers communicated directly with newspaper editors and asked them to toe the line.

It is now known that the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Mirror* were both rung up by members of the 'Inner Cabinet'—the quartet with whose names must be associated the major disasters that have befallen us since 1931: Sir John Simon, Japan's apologist when Manchuria was being ravaged; Sir Samuel Hoare, who planned the sell-out of Ethiopia; Lord Halifax, who eased the way for Hitler's conquest of Austria; and, finally, Mr. Chamberlain, who has perpetuated a state of war and called it peace.

This 'Inner Cabinet' exercised, and is still exercising, a real dictatorship over British policy. Parliament it treats almost with contempt. As Mr. Winston Churchill said in the House of Commons, only recently, that is exactly the idea which in other countries has led to the institution of dictatorships. Mr. Chamberlain is fast reducing Parliament to a sort of Fascist Grand Council, called together to register approval of the acts of its dictator and then told to go home until further notice.

There is evidence that the Chamberlain quartet dictates even to the Cabinet itself. It was Mr. Churchill

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again who pointed this out in the House, saying that only a few Cabinet Ministers 'are consulted in matters of consequence, the rest being brought in from time to time only to register decisions in respect of matters of which they have only partial cognizance and being told that certain matters are being settled.'

Mr. Duff Cooper, too, registered his protest against the Premier's action in making a Pact with Hitler without consulting his colleagues or advisers.

The same ministerial dictatorship is now being exercised over defense policy. Some of those responsible for organizing services vital to the safety of the nation have been told to communicate with the Premier alone and not with his Cabinet colleagues.

It is no mere coincidence that this undemocratic method of conducting policy is accompanied by a policy which is itself undemocratic. For Hitler has made it clear that one condition of collaboration with him is the suppression of democratic ideas and democratic methods, which Hitler calls 'democratic poison.'

Thus the first fruit of Czechoslovakia's submission to Hitler was the suppression of Czech newspapers and the outlawing of Czech democratic parties.

In Greece, Nazi pressure is strong enough to eliminate all anti-Nazi material from the Press. In democratic Switzerland, as far back as April of this year, the semi-official Berne *Bund* reported that: 'editors of Church papers who have published articles dealing with the position of the Church in Germany are rung up by a German Regional Leader who tells them that he will have to report on the articles to the German authorities.'

Such threats are generally enough to suppress anti-Nazi articles in Switzerland.

In Denmark the position is such that it has become virtually impossible for any serious attack upon the Nazi Government to appear in any of the chief Danish newspapers.

The rot has spread into French democracy. Months before the 'crisis' the French Government planned a press 'truce' with Hitler, and today even stronger pressure is being applied to the press by Bonnet and Daladier in France than by Chamberlain in Britain.

II

How far has control of opinion gone in this country? A formal censorship does not, of course, exist. But control is exercised in two ways. First, the press is simply not allowed to get at the news. Secondly, when journalists have managed to get some news, all kinds of pressure are exerted to prevent inconvenient news from appearing.

The drying up of news information has been marked since the removal of Mr. Eden from the Foreign Office. As the Diplomatic Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* wrote in March of this year: 'Not for many years has there been so little contact between the press as a whole and those responsible for the conduct of foreign policy.'

When news is disclosed, the favorite Government device is to impose on Press correspondents an obligation to treat the information as 'strictly confidential.' This, of course, seals the lips of journalists and often imposes on them an intolerable conflict between loyalty to the traditions of their pro-

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fession and loyalty to the public interest.

The situation was well illustrated during the Hoare-Laval crisis. A conference of British journalists in Paris was asked not to publish rumors of proposals to Italy. As a result, British newspapers kept back the news of the Hoare-Laval Plan. But Pertinax and Mme. Tabouis gave the whole story to the French press—and the Hoare-Laval Plan was overthrown.

So long as the French press remains free it will be very difficult to maintain an effective censorship over the British press in foreign affairs, and one of the most disquieting features of the present situation is the growth of dictatorial tendencies in France itself.

A powerful method of Government control is to bring pressure to bear on Conservative elements in the various trades—distributors, film companies, exhibitors, etc., and get them to suppress information which may be inconvenient to the Government.

During the 'crisis' a news reel featuring Mr. Wickham Steed and Mr. A. J. Cummings was suppressed because it was pro-Czech. A Paramount interview with Mr. Attlee was cut. Now news reels do not come under the control of the Board of Film Censors. Pressure must therefore have come from higher up.

Most flagrant was the withholding of a certificate from the *March of Time* issue dealing with the crisis, which appeared originally under the title of *Britain's Dilemma* and subsequently reappeared as *Britain and Peace* after the section which gave all point to the film had been cut.

This control of films is not new. It was applied as far back as the Ethiopian War, when a Peace Pledge Union four-minute film was at first banned by the Censor and only shown after a strong press campaign had demanded its release. Alongside censorship has grown new legislation to ease the path of dictatorial control. The Incitement to Disaffection Act, 1934, has already resulted in the refusal of a number of printers to print pacifist literature; and in a time of crisis this Act will make it fairly easy for the police to obtain search warrants for the purpose of looking for every kind of Left literature.

More alarming is the Official Secrets Legislation. This was originally drafted to deal with foreign spies, but its scope has been widely extended. If a Conservative M.P. like Mr. Duncan Sandys became so alarmed at the prospect of the Official Secrets Act being applied against him as to burn papers in his home in fear of a police raid, is not a newspaper editor likely to suppress news which may be suitable for the public, but inconvenient for the Government, rather than run the risk of finding himself in the dock?

II. No News from Tokyo

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Quarterly

MOST people think that their own job is among the most difficult. I am among them. It is a very difficult task to get news, to judge its objective value, and to think what other people will think about it if and when (and

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PALO ALTO PUBLIC LIBRARY READING ROOM

that is another one of the uncertainties) they get it. And if coverage of any kind is difficult, coverage of a war is more difficult, particularly if it is a war that is going on somewhere else and is not a war anyway. Covering the Sino-Japanese conflict from Tokyo has meant all that, and this article is mostly a chronicle of trouble, a record of difficulties, drawn up to convince the most hard-hearted and tight-fisted that we foreign correspondents are worth far more money than we ever get.

Let's begin at the beginning, although it is not really within this article's compass at all, for when the 'North China Incident,' as it was called then, occurred (and I commend to all the many thousands of writers of near-English on this subject the verb 'occur' in preference to 'break out'), I was in Peking. So I began by not covering the incident at all but just taking a look at it on the spot. And that, it must be confessed, cramped my style from the first. The incident occurred on July 7 and I left Peking on July 13. When I left, the situation did not look like anything that could not be settled in half an hour.

Everybody I met was convinced that it would be so settled. I returned to Japan convinced that there was not going to be a war, and even when I got back to Tokyo and read all the solemnities and gravities in the cables, the news services and the press, I still could not lose my vision of the first battlefield with newspapermen, cameramen, diplomats and loafers running around between one army and another, holding conferences well within the line of fire of both armies, and nobody believing for a moment that anything serious was going to happen. That vision got between me and my natural impressiveness when cabling on matters of moment. Tokyo could not convince me that it was a tremendous affair: I had been to Peking. And so I fell down.

It is true that London was willing enough to help the fall. Under the influence of Tokyo, I started being as pessimistic as my memory would let me, but London cabled: 'Offlay, we are unexcited;' and I said to my wife at the time: 'That's just fine, nor am I: I have been to Peking.' And there we were.

II

However, events marched along and convinced me and even my employers in time, and I settled down to covering the war. At first, it was mostly a matter of reporting the important things that important people said and describing the street scenes as the mobilization began. Of course, we were queried frequently on how many men were being called up, what were their ages, etc., etc., and we did not know. We asked at the War Office, and they did not tell us much; we asked the foreign military attachés, and they could not tell us much. I remembered having read in the newspaper that the way to learn state secrets in Japan was to ask a girl in a dance-hall, for dance-girls always knew and always told foreigners. So I went to a dance-hall four nights running, got very tired, developed muscular strain of the face through prodigious yawning, but never succeeded in finding any of the girls who knew. They told me how many *sennin-bari* (thousand stitch girdles for the troops) they had managed to sew in their

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spare time, and that was news of a sort. But I could not find out anything really reliable about mobilization figures, and so I fell down again.

I did not despair. I remembered that during the World War all the important information about things of this kind was given by the janitor at the War Office. So I thought it would be an excellent idea to make that worthy's acquaintance. It seemed inadvisable to walk straight up to the War Office and say: 'I want to make a firm friend of the janitor;' that might have aroused suspicion. So, with elaborate casualness and two dogs, I went for a stroll round the precincts thinking that perhaps I might run across my man. I did not.

The dogs did their part excellently. As soon as we got near the War Office, they ran full tilt into the compound. Now, I had only to follow them, and I might have met the janitor anywhere. Unfortunately, there were a couple of sentries at the gate, and they volunteered to get hold of the dogs and bring them back to me, which they did. They also said that the dogs were fine fellows, and we chatted a minute or two about dogs; but—I don't know whose fault it was—we never got anywhere near mobilization figures. I learned that Japanese sentries were obliging fellows with eyes for a good dog. And that was news, in a way, but no correspondent can tell his newspaper which is clamoring for mobilization figures that he saw a War Office sentry about a dog. And so I fell down again.

There was always the bath-house. It is impossible to go to a bath-house in Japan without getting plenty of information. The information is not particularly reliable, but it is at least abundant. The public bath-house is the place in which the Japanese people are the most talkative in the real sense. The occidental hears a lot about Japanese reserve and refusal to talk. As a matter of fact, they are among the most talkative of peoples—I should say at a venture almost as talkative as southern Europeans. But their normal talk is formal.

The Japanese language abounds in conversational exchanges which have nothing to do with real conversation. It is quite possible for a couple of Japanese to talk for half an hour, using not expressions, but recognized and more or less expected conversational counters. In such a process, they convey nothing to each other except reciprocal benevolence, dislike, or indifference, as the case may be. They have exchanged an emotion but no factual communication whatever. But in the bath-house, they shed many of the forms with their clothes. They are inclined to tell each other things instead of just saying things to each other. I recommend the bath-house to aspiring foreign correspondents in Japan.

III

It's a long step from the bath-house to the lobby of the Imperial Hotel, and other similar places where foregathers that curious Japanese confraternity, the purveyors of information for inquiring (and even not inquiring) foreigners. These gentlemen can always tell you something. They have inside information well ranged in what one might call 'outside terms.'

They have unquestionably come into being to minister to a very real

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need. Not all the things that are done in Japan, or the reasons for which they are done, make sense to the average occidental. And thus he is not always disposed to believe them, even when he learns them. That is where this rather specialized fraternity comes in. It explains things; it is composed of translators, not only of words, but of movements, trends, tendencies, and what not. And the stories that emerge from this fraternity have at least one merit: they are intellectually satisfying; they 'make sense,' as the saying is. Sometimes, even, they are more or less true.

I learned something, then, about mobilization figures from them, although not very much. But if my stories lacked figures, they did not, as they could not, entirely lack color. For those were colorful days. It was before the restrictions on the consumption of petrol and the large-scale commandeering of private and commercial vehicles. Every man who was called to the regiment took at least a regiment of his family and friends with him to the barracks, and they all went in lorries or vans, or private cars packed to capacity, usually to the Shrines first and the barracks afterwards. And they all carried banners, they all sang, and they all shouted. Every day was like 'Armistice Day' in those first weeks of the war, except, of course, that there was no armistice.

And then there were the scenes at the stations, at once solemn and poignant. The young men were going off. The local bigwigs stood in the front line on the platform to bid them goodbye. And in the next line there were the members of the local Young Men's Associations, perhaps chanting, perhaps just impressively arrayed. Behind them again would be the young recruits' colleagues, usually chanting or sending forth cheerful messages. And in the last row of all there would be the mother, the wife, the sisters, bearing up bravely, with stark tragedy written on their faces. Those platform ranks were an interesting study in emotions. Formality, ordered impressiveness, affectionate good will and plain heroic grief. The further one got from the carriage, the nearer one got to something real. There were all sorts of stories in that.

And then, there were the stories to be got from all sorts of ordinary citizens in town and country, of the way small businesses were carried on, farms kept going, with one, two, or three men gone. I read some of these stories in the communications of the Domei service and in the Japanese newspapers; and always the people concerned had some heroic comment to make on their sacrifices and endurances. I came into personal contact with a few of these cases, and I must say that I never found these heroics, but only a simple heroism. I found that people bore sacrifices, not with a heroic gesture, but just with a cheerful smile.

IV

Then came the time shortly after the war extended to Central China, when Britain was the enemy, and I was of course extra busy. I reported what every eminence said; I went to one or two of the indignation meetings; I worked on translations of the posters; and I interviewed as many as I could of the people who were said to be leaders of the anti-British front. I had never been a national enemy before, so that the experience was an

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interesting one in itself. I could not help feeling sad about it, whenever I had time to feel anything, but even when I had written my story and collected my evidence, I somehow could not quite believe it. Nobody I ever met, people I knew, and people I did not know, ever treated me as an enemy. I could not feel for a moment that they did not like me. They did not like Britain, and that set me thinking how possible it is to like a people but to dislike some curious, indefinable abstraction called the nation.

I remember once trying to write a piece explaining how the Japanese did not like Britain but did not seem to mind Britons. But it developed along far too philosophical lines to be a good story.

Something more concrete in this connection was the shooting of the British Ambassador in China. The circumstances surrounding that incident will always stick in my mind, for it occurred on a Friday, the first time that I had tried to get away for the week-end since the war began. I can still feel the sense of freedom as, for a few hours, the sea breeze played around me. And then, there was the telephone call from a friend in the Cabinet Information Bureau and the journey back to Tokyo in the heat. I scurried around to get messages of sympathy and regret from the Foreign and Navy Ministers. Both Mr. Hirota and Admiral Yonai graciously accorded these, but I felt then, and I still feel, that the most impressively representative Japanese character in this business was the unknown farmer who came to my sea-side house just to say that he was sorry that the British Ambassador had been shot. That, I felt, was news by any definition of the term. And it certainly seemed to me very important.

V

The war went on and news of it came to us mostly through the normal channels, the press departments of the War Office and the Admiralty, the Information Bureau of the Foreign Office, and the Domei news service. They are the routine channels through which the foreign correspondent works. He may get a line or two on some stories from the foreign Embassies, from the wiseacres of earlier mention, from casual friends here and there, from the bath-house, or from just going about the streets. But the daily diet is served by these purveyors. A word or two, then, on them.

The War Office press section was presided over in those days by the jolly, linguistically and gastronomically competent Colonel Saito, who is now Military Attaché in Bangkok. He held no regular conferences for correspondents, but anybody could get in touch with him at any time, and he gave what information he could.

He, of course, just like everybody else, was a victim of '*maru-maru*.' '*Maru-maru*' means, in direct translation, 'zero-zero,' but to most people it must have been the *leitmotiv* of this war. All our 'somewhere in France,' 'a certain unit,' and what not are expressed in Japanese by *maru-maru*. It is the *maru-maru* unit that goes forth from *maru-maru*, frequently capturing *maru-maru* with *maru-maru* losses. It is usually in *maru-maru* that the Communists 'hiding their Communism under the cloak of rational-

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ism' have been most active. And, at least by implication, it is to *maru-maru* that they go in due course. If ever I sought a title for a book on the campaign, I should choose *The Maru-maru War*.

The War Office has always done its best to overcome *maru-maru* for the sake of foreign correspondents, and so, indeed, has the Admiralty. The press section of the latter instituted a weekly conference in September and now, every Thursday, we meet Admiral Noda and Commander Mizuno. It is a very serious business. We all have cards which we show at the door, and the authorities doubtlessly check up as to whether we are really of the age mentioned on the card. One correspondent said that his age was *maru-maru*, but this was not accepted. When we pass the guardian, all is well, and we ask questions and get answers from Admiral Noda, all translated into excellent English by Commander Mizuno, an officer with a deeper knowledge of European literature than many a professor thereof.

And so to the Jo-ho Bu (Information Bureau) of the Foreign Office and a word of sincere tribute. It is customary, in Japan, for anybody who wants to take a crack at the Government, be he foreigner or Japanese, to take it at the Foreign Office. It is the Cinderella of the Ministries in more ways then one. It not only gets fairly little of the half-pence, but it also gets most of the kicks. There was a remarkable article printed recently in one of the Japanese newspapers, proving that the current impression abroad that the Japanese Government says one thing and does another is all the fault of the Foreign Office. This is a familiar thesis always sure of a cheer. It certainly indicates that the Foreign Office man's lot, like the policeman's in the song, is not a happy one.

If the native denounces the Foreign Office for its weakness, the foreigner often denounces it for not knowing anything very much and not telling much of what it knows. I find myself unable to join in that denunciation. It is my experience that the Foreign Office finds out as much as it can about what has happened and what is likely to happen, and generally a good deal more than it is officially told. It is, of course, a queer game that it has to play, that of running after events and trying here and there to influence them. But a criticism of the game is no criticism of the players. In my experience, the Foreign Office does its best, and it is a pretty good best.

As to giving information, I should say that it gives pretty well all it can. And the Spokesman does an even greater service to his own people and the foreign press in that he does rationalize things, he does succeed in making policies, which are often improvisations effected outside his own department, seem intelligible, and that is a very great achievement. Here we are with him, a goodly number, facing Mr. Kawai, who is flanked by a subordinate taking notes of the questions. There is honesty and intelligence on the other side of that table; there is neither childish duplicity nor equally childish assertiveness.

The famous Kipling line may well be parodied in connection with the national news agency: 'What shall ye know of Domei, who only Domei know?' For that is where we are these days. There was a time when Japan had two rival agencies, Dentsu and

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Rengo. But today we know only Domei. And knowing only Domei, it is hard to criticize it. Some of the things we complain of may not be so much due to the fact that Domei has cornered the news as that Domei itself has found itself cornered. However this may be, the fact remains that we get less straight news than in the old days, and what we do get is not always any too accurate. Throughout this war, it must be observed that the special correspondents of individual Japanese newspapers have done consistently a better job than Domei, and this is true even of spot news.

The most important criticism of Domei would be that it has too great a tendency to deal in futures. As a distinguished foreign correspondent put it only recently: 'It becomes more and more easy to learn from Domei what may happen next year, and more and more difficult to learn what did happen yesterday.'

But an end must be made of this scrappy story. I intended to speak of all sorts of personal adventures; of how I got the news when other foreign correspondents did not, as all foreign correspondents do; of how I 'just happened to be there when it all happened,' as all foreign correspondents also do; of what General *Marumaru* told me that he would not have dreamed of telling anybody else, etc. etc.

I find, however, that I have not done any of these things and, looking over this article, I feel that I have given an impression that covering the war from Tokyo has been a singularly unadventurous adventure, a matter of looking, listening and reading, and trying to get it down intelligibly. Perhaps, after all, that is the right impression.

'Framed' Opinion in Italy

Translated from *Giustizia e Libertà*, Paris Anti-Fascist Italian Weekly

DESPITE its authoritarian methods, Fascism follows with lively interest the manifestations of public opinion, and the Ministry of Popular Enlightenment, which considers public opinion as a factor to be molded, modified and even stemmed, does not hesitate to direct it toward pre-determined aims. During the Italo-Ethiopian War the efforts of the propagandists yielded immense results. But after 1935, new elements came to modify the temper of the Italians who, on the whole, have not allowed themselves to be convinced of the desirability of intervention in Spain, nor, later, to be forced into any European conflagration. The arguments used by the Fascists to win over public opinion have lost much of their former force, and the search for effective new arguments has become increasingly difficult.

Mussolini has never ceased proclaiming the superiority of the martial spirit over the 'bourgeois' spirit of pacifism. He has, nonetheless, recognized that although the Italians are not averse to colorful parades and uniforms, they feel no sympathy for

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the sufferings and privations of war. Since *la bella guerra* did not prove sufficient inducement for their transformation into professional warriors, other arguments were needed and they have been called into play successively during the last few years.

The intense propaganda which paved the way for the Ethiopian War was based principally on demographic and economic arguments. It was presented as necessary to relieve the inexorable pressure of a rapidly expanding population. Dailies and weeklies illustrated the density of population in Italy as compared to that of other nations of Europe; they stressed the disproportion between Italian colonial possessions and those of Britain and France; they concluded with the affirmation of Italy's right to its 'place in the sun.' Also concrete promises were made of distribution of land, analogous to those which ancient Rome granted to its legionnaires. Since no one doubts the fact that Italy needs raw materials, the man in the street was easily won over to the war by the prospect that Ethiopia might furnish the needed oil, coal, iron and precious metals.

But the arguments invoked several months later to justify intervention in Spain were of quite another nature. Here it was impossible to touch on the question of raw materials or of overpopulation, since this would have implied the failure of the Ethiopian adventure.

The utilitarian argument exhausted, propaganda seized upon the ideological theme. Stress was laid on the duty of Italy to prevent the establishment of a Communist government on the shores of the Mediterranean; Fascist intervention was coupled by the Italian press with its 'mission' of saving European civilization from Bolshevism; it emphasized the fact that with intervention in Spain, Italy would take the lead in political activity in Europe; this was done with the express purpose of assuaging the pride of the Italians who have long been afflicted with an inferiority complex.

Public opinion did not respond. Indifference and even discontent were expressed on various occasions—it is scarcely necessary to recall the demonstrations at Cremona, the army desertions and the revolt of a battalion of Blackshirts at Aprilia. University students who had been enthusiastic supporters of the Ethiopian War did not participate in the Spanish War, although it was acclaimed as the 'doctrinal war of Fascism.' This appeal to ideological values gave few results.

Moreover, as in the case of the Spanish War, Fascism, except when it resorted to deceit and violence to enroll its 'volunteers,' was able to find no other men than those who could be induced by purely utilitarian arguments. The ranks of the legionnaires were thus filled with 'desperadoes' drawn by the prospect of immediate cash and eventual loot. It is significant that the press campaign succeeded in hiding completely from the Italian people, under a cloak of ideology, the true meaning of this intervention enterprise, and nearly no one in Italy suspects that it is nothing but a strategic move to encircle France in the coming European War.

II

Various causes have prevented Fascist war propaganda from repeating,

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during the past two years, the successes it enjoyed during the Ethiopian War. The Italians are now bearing the brunt of the tremendous financial expenditures necessitated by the Ethiopian campaign. Distribution of land did not take place, and many peasants who had enrolled in the hope of remaining in Africa had to be repatriated because of their inability to withstand the effects of the climate. The return of these men contributed greatly to a sense of deep discouragement among the poorer classes; the middle classes were also disappointed in their hope of finding raw materials which, as Mussolini intended, would have justified the expedition from the economic standpoint.

The Ethiopian War over, everyone in Italy looked forward to an upswing in the economic situation. Consequently, the appreciable rise in the cost of living—in direct contradiction to the repeated promises of the Government to stabilize prices—aroused distrust and discontent. What was to be a two-week revolt in Spain has developed into a full-fledged war which has been raging for more than two years. This discrepancy between facts and the glowing expectations depicted by the *Meistersingers* of the propaganda machine has created a growing skepticism. The casualty lists from Spain, heavier than those of the Ethiopian War, have not lessened discontent.

But by far the most important factor is the continued failure of the Rebel forces in front of Madrid. When flags were hung in Rome, in February 1937, the rumor spread that Madrid had fallen; general disappointment was great on discovering that the display was only to celebrate the fall of Malaga. For the past months the news of the successes won each day in Spain by the Nationalists no longer prove effective, for in spite of these triumphs, reported at length in the press, Franco seems as far as ever from definite victory.

Wide sections of public opinion were most unfavorably impressed by the *Anschluss*. Although Italians find it difficult to form a clear conception of the international situation, there is a widespread feeling that the *Anschluss* belied all of Mussolini's previous declarations on the necessity of preserving Austrian independence.

There is also rumor of growing dissension between Mussolini and the Vatican. If one bears in mind that Fascist propaganda owed most of its success in 1935 to the favorable attitude of the Church and to the support of the clergy, it is easy to understand that dissension with the Vatican can only loosen the hold which Fascist propaganda has on the Italian masses.

During the last few months, the newspapers of the régime concentrated their propaganda on the rights of the Sudetens, and the scant information available in Italy on the complex problem in Central Europe swung public opinion to the side of Henlein. Yet the Czechoslovakian question was not strong enough to arouse the emotion necessary to justify a war. This is probably one of the motives which urged Mussolini to use anti-Semitism to galvanize public opinion behind him. It is not likely, however, that the Italians will take seriously this new 'Jewish peril' for many are aware that the artificial anti-Semitic campaign will merely impose new burdens on the economic structure of the nation.

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Italians for too long have been subjected to a severe nervous tension, and Mussolini's war-mongering speeches now leave public opinion indifferent. The Italians want peace and quiet and can find it only by turning a deaf ear to the alarms sent out every day from Palazzo Venezia. Thanks to his ability as a juggler, Mussolini has always glorified war while asserting that he wanted peace (but an armed peace!); today the Italians try to discover a pacific Mussolini under every bellicose speech.

It is likely that the organs to which the manipulation of public opinion is entrusted have already recognized this tendency in Italy and are preparing to exploit it to the utmost. Since economic arguments have been exhausted in the Ethiopian adventure, and ideological persuasions worn threadbare over Spain, there remains but one note capable of successfully rousing the masses. And that note is the war of legitimate defense. If Mussolini is finally constrained to exploit the desire for peace of the Italians to justify aggression, it will result in the greatest tragedy for a nation which is unaware of the fate in store for it and incapable of understanding the dangers which threaten because it is blinded by propaganda. Should this happen, the Italian people must pay a terrible price for not having known how to defend and preserve the freedom of its press—that sole means of expressing the will to peace of the nation.

Reuters and the Censor

Worst sufferer of Japanese censorship, outside of private individuals who have had their mail ransacked, has been the British news agency, Reuters. Recently the agency which has incurred the wrath of the censors, published the text of various telegrams dispatched by its office in Tsingtao, only to be held up.

Dispatch sent by Reuters from Tsingtao to its Shanghai office:—

'Briton, Jock Crichton, stopped by Japanese sentry for smoking cigarette Commercial Wharf this morning. Crichton extinguished cigarette and apologized, *whereupon sentry slapped his face.*'

Dispatch received by the Shanghai office of Reuters:

'Briton, Jock Crichton, stopped by Japanese sentry for smoking cigarette Commercial Wharf this morning. Crichton extinguished cigarette and apologized, *whereupon sentry let him go.*'

—*China Weekly Review*, Shanghai

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Dissatisfaction with British rule, and German propaganda are now seriously endangering the colonial *status quo*.

Colonial Overtones

I. Trinidad Wants to Be American

By Arthur Calder Marshall

From the *News Chronicle*, London Liberal Daily

COMMENTING on the labor disturbances in the West Indies, the Secretary for Colonies stated that he had no doubt that the West Indies were loyal to the British Empire.

This statement was printed in the Imperial press without evoking a single comment. Yet when applied to Trinidad, and, I am informed by competent authorities, to Jamaica and Barbados also, it is absolutely incorrect.

If a free ballot were taken in Trinidad as to whether the inhabitants would prefer to remain British subjects or to join with the United States, there is no doubt that a large majority would be in favor of making the change. Among the colored people of Trinidad I met no one who felt loyalty to the Empire, and among the white Trinidadians, a negligible few.

After a time I was able to analyze the reasons for this preference. Firstly, Trinidad is much closer geographically to the States and many of those who think seriously of the future of the West Indies think in terms of a United West Indian States, under the ægis of the United States of America.

At the present time, this geographical proximity has a number of effects. A large number of Americans visit the island either by air or by tourist boats. These tourists spend money freely and are usually much more agreeable in their attitude to the Trinidadians than the British.

Of the British in the island, the most hated are undoubtedly the South Africans working for the Trinidad Leaseholds Oil Company. They bring to the island violent color prejudices against blacks and half-castes, treat the inhabitants with rudeness and often brutality and have succeeded in uniting persons of every hue in hatred of them.

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The next most unpopular are the members of the Government Service. With few exceptions they stick rigidly to their own clique, are at the mildest 'standoffish' in their attitude to local residents and tend, through the nature of the service, to regard Trinidad just as a stepping stone in a Colonial Service career.

Conversely, many Trinidadians have been to the States to be educated, on business or for pleasure. Of the workers, the most militant are men who have been sailors and made contact with the American labor movement by this means.

Furthermore, the American broadcasts are received much more easily than those from England. The local radio station relays more American material than English. And the British Empire programs, besides being inaudible half the time, are planned to interest not the local West Indian but the lonely Empire builder sitting in the jungle pondering what Arsenal or Aston Villa have done.

The establishment of a radio station in the West Indies is of double importance to the British Empire. Firstly, it can seriously tackle the business of 'selling the Empire' to the West Indies; and secondly it would be of great benefit for Spanish broadcasts to Latin America. As things are, American culture and American propaganda are pumped into the West Indies day in and day out. American magazines and newsweeklies are in much greater demand than English. And the majority of films shown in the island are made in Hollywood.

The reason for this preference does not spring solely from the proximity of the States. There are several other important factors. The temper of the West Indies is more thoroughly anti-Fascist than I have seen in any other country. And in consequence, the foreign policy of the National Government, especially in relation to Ethiopia, has aroused the active hatred of the Negro.

The Negro, who retains a very strong sense of being African, identifies himself with the Ethiopian. Britain's betrayal of that country is therefore in the mind of the Negro a betrayal of all colored people. He followed the progress of the war in Ethiopia with great intentness and in a lesser degree the wars in Spain and China. He cannot feel a loyalty to a Government which consistently abets the aggressor. Naturally, forgetting lynchings and the oppression of the Negro in the deep South, his mind turns to the United States as the example of a British colony which succeeded in breaking away from the Empire.

II

Finally, the labor developments in the States provide the inspiration of the growing labor movement in the West Indies. The feeling is widespread that the trade union movement in Great Britain has become degenerate under reactionary leadership and cannot provide the model for the West Indies. The fact that a trade unionist, Sir Arthur Pugh, could sign his name to the Commission on the Trinidad and Tobago Disturbances did not bring prestige to the report but discredit on the movement which he represented.

When the Government appointed Mr. A. V. Lyndon as Industrial Adviser to guide the toddling labor

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movement in the way it should go, and that gentleman, proclaiming himself a friend of Sir Arthur Pugh and Mr. Ernest Bevin, set himself up in the most expensive hotel in Trinidad from which to study working class conditions, local distrust did not decrease.

The fact that the Government should declare itself openly in favor of the establishment of trade unions in the island and at the same time shadow all union leaders with detectives has not increased confidence in the good faith of the Government. Nor does it help friendly relations when a local trade union leader in the public works department is threatened with dismissal by an official of His Majesty's Government for writing a letter to one of the local papers on a trade union issue.

The unions in Trinidad are not revolutionary organizations. As individuals, the trade unionists feel no more loyalty to the Empire than other individuals. But as trade unionists they are merely working for recognition and moderate increases in pay to set off the increased cost of living.

Whereas many local products are very cheap in the island, petrol costs more at the filling station outside the refinery than it does in England, and sugar produced in the island costs the workers who produce it more than it does abroad. In the same way, imported goods invariably cost more than goods of the same quality do abroad. Over five-twelfths of the island's revenue is derived from customs, excise, port, harbor and wharf dues. This burden is passed on to the worker, who has to buy imported clothes, food and drugs. On the other hand, under one-thirteenth of the revenue in 1936 came from income tax. The unionists claim that if they are to bear so large a burden of indirect taxation they should receive higher wages. And in this demand they should be supported by common justice. Refusal to recognize the legitimacy of their claim will go far to unite that disloyalty which is spreading throughout the West Indies with the growing labor movement.

It is considered almost axiomatic by people in England that the races who have been brought under the British domination will feel a love for that rule and a loyalty toward the Empire. No assumption could be further from the truth. Loyalty will only be inspired by a fair and disinterested treatment.

The people of the West Indies do not consider that they have received that treatment and they do not intend to kiss the hand that beats them.

II. Nazi Vanguard on the Gold Coast

By Marcel Homet

Translated from *Illustration*, Paris Social, Literary and Political Weekly

In 1904 the Reich had only a few men to carry on their shady work in Western Africa. They were without organization to back them up, without stations, without materials, and were not supported by the natives, as they are today. Besides, Germany did not have any submarines, and therefore

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no point of departure for war in that region.

This reminder from the past throws some light on the present: today the aim of the Germans is to cut French maritime communications in case of war and to paralyze communications between the mother country and the immense reserve of men and raw materials in the colonial empire. Nor are their activities aimed solely at the French, but also at the British colonial empire. On the great imperial sea route to India a series of Italian stumbling blocks have been erected in Sicily, Masawa, Dumeira and Sheik Saïd, at the outlet of the Red Sea. The land route to India by way of Syria and Iraq goes also through Iran, where Germans have a very strong position. There remains another great maritime route to Indo-China and India by way of the Atlantic Ocean, rounding the Cape of Good Hope and across the Indian Ocean. Germany, who no longer has any possessions in Africa and particularly misses her loss of the Cameroons, ought not to be given an opportunity of gaining a foothold in these regions. Nevertheless, profiting by the weakness of some and the complacence of others, she has found means of establishing along the African coast from Dakar to the British Cameroons a network which has made her the mistress of the most important strategic points and naval bases for her submarines and hydroplanes.

Naturally the foreign enclaves in French Western Africa have attracted the special attention of the Germans. First of all, there is British Gambia, bounded by the river that gives her her name. The capital is Bathurst and the strategic point is Cape Santa Maria. In Gambia, though the trade is mainly in French hands and the administration is made up of natives, the military organization, paradoxically, is purely German. The German Lufthansa Company has created there a base for its Trans-Atlantic airplanes. Its personnel is composed exclusively of aviators and sailors, drawn from the military aviation and maritime services, who get their orders from the German staff established at Las Palmas in the Canary Islands. They have at their disposal two ultra-modern hydroplanes with Diesel motors. These hydroplanes are catapulted from the two ships that Germany keeps off the African coast, the *Wiesbaden* and the *Ostmark*. The first of these cruises along the French coast, where it seems to find many sights of interest, and the second stays at Bathurst. It is a splendid ship, equipped with all the latest improvements, among them powerful broadcasting stations which can communicate directly with Berlin.

Besides, the Germans have constructed an aviation field and an observatory on Cape Santa Maria. One wonders why they should spend money for an aviation field which supposedly will never be used. The reason is that it is 125 miles from Dakar and the English have no garrison at Bathurst. What would happen if two days before a new European war Bathurst were occupied by German troops landing from nearby ships and bringing together with them a dozen silent three-motor planes? A few hours later the port of Dakar would no longer exist, the oil reserves would be blown up, the fleet reserve would be completely annihilated and the railroad from Bamako to Kayes to Dakar would be cut.

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Somewhat to the south of Bathurst there are the Bissagos Islands, which overlook both Dakar and Conakry. They are a part of Portuguese Guinea. In 1922, when the Agricola and Fabril Company was first established there, four other companies on the archipelago were extracting oil. This exploitation proved so unprofitable that they abandoned it. Only Agricola and Fabril, a German concern, persisted. A lot of money has been put into it. I believe that I am the first Frenchman to have visited this famous group of islands.

II

In Bissagos there are no naval yards. Nor do the Germans maintain any batteries of artillery, heavy or light. But there is something better: an industrial organization capable of transforming itself at any given day into an organ of military occupation, provisional or permanent. As in the case of Bathurst, two days before the beginning of a European war, Germany will need only to send a few auxiliary cruisers, together with five 900-ton submarines, to ravage Dakar and Conakry.

The island of Bubaque, which is the center of German activities on the archipelago, though only about 8 miles wide, has something like 125 miles of excellent roads, constructed by Germans, leading to all gulfs and capes. It has a superb factory, the finest and best organized of any I have seen in Africa, with a German ex-marine officer supervising hundreds of natives. This extensive personnel, this factory with a powerful electric station next to it, the German steamers, the tractors, the ten-ton lorries, the six-wheel platforms, the gigantic slip at Bubaque prepared for repairs of small steamers, the 10,000 ton steamer *Wormans* that anchors every month at the island following the unknown channels that are marked on a secret German map—all this is supposedly for the sake of an annual production of 480 tons of palm oil and 1,144 tons of coconuts, according to the official statistics of the Portuguese Customs House.

Nor is this all. In 1923 the Germans established on the neighboring island —by the name of Soga—a second factory of the same proportions, which was supposed to treat the coconut according to a recent German process by which oil is obtained with the aid of gasoline. But, as chance would have it, the Reich engineers made a mistake, and the factory that had cost millions, the great subterranean reservoirs built in concrete, that were supposed to hold the gasoline necessary for the process, the concrete quay, the long dike that extends far into the deep waters—all this equipment was useless because it was found out afterwards that the island had almost no palm trees. The Germans claimed besides that their oil has one per cent acidity, which is almost an unknown phenomenon in Africa. The construction has been abandoned, but the quays and the reservoirs remain.

A conference of three agricultural engineers, well known in Guinea and on the African coast, has proved without any doubt that the Agricola and Fabril has a minimum annual output of 1,200,000 tons of coconuts and 1,300 tons of oil. But the factory sends to Germany only 1,444 tons of coconuts and 494 tons of oil every year. That means there are from 12,000 to 15,000 tons of fuel that have been kept back

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for fifteen years. If they are still in Portuguese Guinea, where and for what purpose are they being stored?

A submarine of 900 tons, armed with a 100-millimeter gun and four torpedo tubes, draws only four meters of water, and in the Island of Bissagos there are several 27-meter ditches, measured by German leadsmen, in which submarines can be hidden from the French airplanes. As for the reservoirs of the island, which are already protected by reënforced concrete, they can be defended by powerful anti-aircraft artillery ambushed in the immense forest of palms. Since 900 ton submarines have a 1,250-mile range of action, if the Germans were to occupy the Bissagos Islands upon a declaration of war, five submarines would be enough to prevent our cruisers or trade boats from shipping between Dakar and Pointe Noire.

III

But there is also Liberia and the British Cameroons. I didn't find many Germans there, since there is always a danger of being eaten by the natives, even if one is a German. But I did find many Dutch who work for German companies and many natives who speak fluent German and have migrated from Togo and the Cameroons. As for Germans, these are mostly marine officers. They command a lot of small boats, make soundings and bring into the country great quantities of machine-guns. Not long ago the Liberian Customs seized 340 cases of arms that had been brought in—something that they can no longer do since the new contract with Germany, signed in spite of the energetic opposition of England and the United States. This contract is designed to permit the Germans to work important haematite mines discovered together with diamond mines 60 miles from Robertsport. These deposits are better, it seems, than those in Sweden, which the Germans are now using for their rearmament. The syndicate that controls them is called the Holland Syndicate and is directed and financed by Herr Muller Kohler of the Netherlands, but Krupp is the silent partner. The contract provides for an 80-mile railroad line, the construction of roads, a modern port at Monrovia, and the cession to the syndicate of the Western Province, which is one fifth of the country. In this way a veritable German protectorate has been established in Liberia, extending from the sea to the upper part of French Guinea.

There are many important activities going on in that zone. An extremely important strategic route is in construction from Monrovia to Macenta. For the moment it has not gone further than Veyela, 30 miles from Monrovia, but there are completed works in reinforced concrete, with considerable embankments, and which, when completed, will make possible a German expedition that would cut the French colony of Western Africa in two.

The same situation will be found in the British Cameroons. Until the last few months, the British were not particularly interested in this colony, which they thought of using as a means of barter with the Germans. Their ideas on the subject have changed. Nevertheless, the captain of the port of Tiko, with his two adjutants, is German. The construction of the Tiko wharf has been financed by the Reichsbank. Eighty per cent of the

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population is German, as well as the personnel of the ambulances, the hospitals and the factories. At the entry of every plantation you will find a swastika. Inside you will find modern airplanes which can easily be transformed into pursuit planes. Hundreds of young Germans in the plantations of the interior are being constantly trained; they are armed with Mauser guns, supposedly for hunting.

The Germans have at their disposal dozens of barges and ships equipped with Diesel motors, which can transport thousands of men at one time. During my stay in the Cameroons, I was present at a construction of a trail 328 yards wide and 15 miles long leading in the direction of the French frontier at Djoungo. The Germans are cutting down the largest trees so that tanks that are kept in reserve can pass easily, and after cutting the Cameroons in two, go on to Yaunde and to the Congo. A few months ago the Governor of the Cameroons was able with great difficulty to prevent a foreign company of notorious German affiliation from getting possession of 20,000 hectares of land that they had asked for as a concession, and through which passed the great branches of the railroad from Yaunde to Douala.

Such were the results of my investigation on the African coast. The occupation of a part of Liberia and the storing of more than 10,000 tons of vegetable oil fuel at Bissagos would prove a valuable asset for Germany, in case of a European conflict. It will be recalled that General Ludendorff one day wrote in his personal magazine: 'In case of a European war, the principal field of action will be in Africa.' The few facts that I was able to collect show how thoroughly the Germans are preparing this future African battle-field.

In the above cartoon from the *Simplicissimus*, Munich satirical weekly, the League of Nations is represented as an old maid watching the leaves fall one by one—Austria, the Saar, Sudetenland. Only the colonies are still hanging on the bough.

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The pathetic story of Christmas in the tropics that ended in disaster.

Christmas *in* Malay

By Henri Fauconnier

Translated by Lucy Cores
From *Nouvelles Littéraires*
Paris Literary Weekly

FROM his verandah, between the many flashes of lightning that melted in the sheer downpour of rain, Gerard saw floating toward him, inexplicably suspended in space at the level of his feet, a vague, white form which seemed to vanish, reappear, and take on a more definite shape as it approached. It seemed to be a great aquatic bird, something like a swan. It advanced slowly, as if borne on undulating billows, with a sort of regular rhythm. Gerard's astonishment was mingled with anxiety. Was it possible that the river had risen to this point? The wind had died down and the rain dominated, inundating the world. It was impossible to see anything through so many vertical torrents, except this strange bird, which the rebounding drops of water surrounded with a magic halo. He watched it with fascinated eyes as it advanced upon him, emerging slowly from the indistinct domain of fabulous vision, and becoming more real every moment. When it came to the edge of the verandah, it seemed suddenly to soar up and rise toward him; then, reaching the height of absurdity, the thing said 'Aya, salaam.'

It was then that Gerard perceived that the fowl that saluted him with these words—for, yes, it was merely a big domestic fowl, all ready for the oven or the spit—rested atop a tall, black pillar hardly distinguishable from the darkness around him, a veritable caryatid with lifted arms, and he realized that this piece of ebon statuary could be no other than the Hindu servant of his friend Gaston Vervier. Vervier was a neighboring plantation owner, if one could call the man who lived a day's journey away a neighbor.

'There is a letter, too,' said the messenger, drawing from the fold of his turban a paper rolled tightly into a tube no bigger than a cigar. Gerard took the letter and the load. He went back to his cabin, made sure that the

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rain did not penetrate, turned over his mattress, hooked up his mosquito net and called to Ah Koui to light the lamp. He knew that in the rain Ah Koui always carried his box of matches next to his heart. Then he read his letter.

'Dear Orang-utang:

How are you getting along on your perch? I am sick to death of this damned village. My cabin has turned into a lacustrine habitation, around which swim all kinds of beasts, pure and impure, wild and domesticated, with their bellies in the air. This must be a holiday for the crocodiles. Even the little duck that my simple Katak was raising with such love, yes, this poor little duck has been drowned. She has cried out her eyes, standing here and watching the waters rise.

Enough about hydrotherapy. I am feeling like closing up shop. It is Christmas today, and we shall celebrate. I am sending you by Ramalingam a good, fat turkey that I had ordered from the city before we were completely cut off from civilization. A strange country in which it is the city that supplies the country with its poultry! Try to get it ready for our Christmas Eve supper, and see that it's cooked by midnight. I am following with Katak in a bullock cart—a veritable king with his concubine.

They tell me that the road next to your place has been flooded. Too bad. But we will swim across if we have to.

Your Gastuche.'

Good old Gastuche. . . . That was a wonderful idea. But could it be already Christmas? Unbelievable! Nevertheless, it was December. All this rain was really nothing else than melted snow—served warm, as it were. Now, if it were real snow, what a thick white blanket over the jungle it would be! One could even go skiing. Meanwhile, this Christmas will be spent beneath the palms, with the jackass and the bullocks breathing warmly nearby.

What time could it be? Should the turkey be cooked immediately? 'It must be cooked by midnight.' What punctuality! My friend Gastuche can hardly imagine that I ever entertain myself by winding my watch. No, it is better to wait for his arrival. God only knows when his bullock-drawn cart will get here. As soon as I hear his powerful voice calling me, I shall call Ah Koui. Together, we shall enjoy the aroma of the cooking turkey before we eat it.

We may even be able to finish the game of chess we started last week. I wonder what he can possibly do to repulse my attack on the diagonal line. He can wail all he wants, and it will not help him.

The rain went on, less violent than before, but with the careless determination, with the inhuman majesty of an element that is inexhaustible. It beat upon the roof with the uniform, funereal roll of a drum that soon began to act as a narcotic upon Gerard's nerves. His exaltation waned, and he thought of the midnight supper vaguely and casually, as if it were an everyday experience. But as he sank into a torpor, he became haunted by visions. It occurred to him that they had a wonderful Christmas tree in the great durian tree that stood on the bank of the river. Of course, they would have to chase away all the black vampire bats that were hanging from its branches—dirty animals, hanging there with their heads down—then they could decorate it with bananas strung into Christmas wreaths, instead of sausages, and with bright festoons of hibiscus blossoms. . . .

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Then, little by little, everything became confused. He fell asleep on his mattress, next to the turkey.

II

A voice in the night. It penetrated Gerard's consciousness like the ultimate sting of a mosquito that had been buzzing for a long time around his head. He realized that voices had long been obtruding on his consciousness, as if with this last call, the others that had been suspended below the surface of his awareness broke through in a sort of multiple echo.

He waited a while and the call was repeated, more distinct, more urgent. 'Aya!' said the voice. 'Aya!' He replied with a voice that he could hardly force from his throat, muffled and raucous. With an effort he stretched out his hand to the edge of the mosquito net, and recoiled as it came in contact with a moist, cold body. The turkey was still lying next to him. That awakened him immediately, and he remembered. Yes, the turkey, Christmas, Gastuche. The shock gave way to a new anxiety. What was happening? Surely, it was not for a trifle that the natives dared to disturb the master's slumbers. Now he could distinguish two voices talking at the same time in two different languages. They were joined by that of Ah Koui, who, awakened from his opiate sleep, brought forth all the insults he knew in Malay and Tamil. It was time to stop the noise. He drew his blanket around him and went out. At the foot of the narrow ladder that led to the verandah stood Mahir, the Malayan boatman, holding a torch. Behind him stood Ramalingam, Gastuche's servant who had brought the turkey.

'Tuan,' said Mahir. 'Tuan Belébé is lost.'

'Vervier? What do you mean, lost?'

'Lost in the water.'

Ramalingam intervened in Tamil with a flood of explanations. Between the over-laconic Malayan and the over-garrulous Hindu, Gerard could understand nothing, except that something had happened and he had to run to Vervier's rescue.

Gerard dressed swiftly and followed the path along the river. The water had not yet risen over the high banks, but they were cracked, and he had to wade through deep pools of rain water, constantly drenched by showers shaken down on him from the branches of the trees. The wind had risen, a sign of dawn, and through the branches he saw the sky grow rosy. Finally the path opened into the big road. But, and Gerard could not believe his eyes, there was no more road. Through the veil of slumbering mists, he glimpsed a wide tawny stretch of water like a flow of lava. It undulated in such a regular motion that the surface seemed congealed. But in spots it glittered, as if bubbles of light were rising from its depths. The river had made another bed for itself and was carrying across what was once a road the clay and topsoil it had torn out of the jungle.

'This way,' said Mahir, turning to the right, into the underbrush. They went around the foot of the hill and finally emerged on the road that was not yet flooded. Further down Mahir's house could be seen. The mist lifted slowly between the high walls of verdure and dissolved in the breeze that played around the treetops. Everything was bathed in a tender light reflected from the sky. Two great bullocks, their white hides tinted rosy

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by the flush of the dawn, lay in the grass, ruminating. A cart stood nearby, propped on its pole. Near it lay a human form, covered by blankets from which only the feet in wooden sandals were protruding. A group of Malayans crouched in the middle of the road, chewing betel-root. Sometimes a head would turn and eject a stream of red spittle.

This peaceful tableau exasperated Gerard. It was too incongruous with the tumult in his own heart. The bunch of imbeciles! Why were they waiting for him without doing anything? Upon seeing him, the Malayans arose. From the pile of blankets emerged Katak's head, then her torso. She emitted a long, strident wail. 'Shut up,' yelled Gerard, shaking her. 'Where is he? Where is Vervier?' But she was immediately overtaken by convulsions and began to roll on the grass, rattling in her throat, so that nothing could be gotten out of her. He turned to Mahir.

'Quick, call the men together. Three will be enough. We'll have to go to the place where he has disappeared. Could he have been carried away far? How did he fall into the water?'

'He did not fall. He stepped out of the cart,' said one of the Malayans. 'But there was a hole in the road. We almost fell into it. The bullocks had to swim. But the cart wouldn't move, so he came down to push the wheel. It was right near the bank. After that, the bullocks regained their feet, and we got out easily.'

'You got out, and you didn't look for him?'

'It was too dark. Besides, it was no use. He had been taken by a crocodile.'

'Ah, you saw it?'

'A little. The woman also. Tuan's head came to the surface once.'

'Well?'

'The crocodiles,' said Mahir, 'always let those whom they have taken go up once, but only once. It is the custom of their race. Yes, certainly, it was a crocodile. And now it is finished.'

At that moment the fat Katak, who had been listening as she sat on the grass, burst again into animal-like cries. She beat her breast and her face with her fists, then bit her fore-arms, shaking her head like a dog worrying its prey. Disgusted, Gerard lost all control of his nerves and kicked at her savagely. She fell back as if dead.

'Let her be taken to my house and wait there until I come back. Come, Mahir.'

III

The whole day long they strayed in the waste of muddy waters. At first Gerard wanted to make a methodical search, beginning with the spot where the accident took place. But how to keep a fixed route in a forest whose soil has become a surging stream? Perhaps, after all, it was better to follow the powerful current, in the only direction in which the body could float away. The body . . . Gerard could not reconcile himself to admitting that perhaps he was looking only for a dead body. Men like Vervier just don't die so stupidly.

From time to time the Malayans shouted in unison. But their cries, piercing though they were, were lost among the tree trunks, muffled in the thick vegetation, in the stifling heat of an atmosphere as sticky as the slimy waters around their boat. The high-columned cathedral through which they wandered was echoless, like a tomb. Gerard had to shout just to

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make himself heard by his men. And only then did he realize that it wasn't so much the stagnant air, the humidity and the density of the jungle that stifled the sound as the loud rumbling of the waters, so steady, so vast, so elemental that he had not hitherto been conscious of it. But once one became aware, one was deafened.

He told himself that unless they passed very near to Vervier so that they could see him, they would never find him. Yet he listened, hearing sometimes in the tumult of the elements that special moving timbre of the human voice. Then he too would shout back with all his might. But soon he desisted, discouraged, with a feeling of being in a nightmare where one howls oneself to death without hearing a sound. His voice did not come out, he could feel that he was shouting only through the vibration at the pit of his chest.

The heavy boat dodged among the tree trunks, veering suddenly, bouncing from one to the other like a billiard ball. Sometimes it would stop as if an invisible hand had been laid upon it, and then, upon groping under the boat with their paddles, they would find that they were entangled in the topmost branches of a submerged tree. All the vegetation was inundated and only the giants of the jungle still reared to the sky their enormous frames. Gerard's thoughts returned to his lost friend. His imagination ran riot. Every minute Vervier was found and lost again. His hands would suddenly close on the oar, he would come toward them astride a floating trunk, or slide down from the treetops on a jungle creeper. Perhaps, while they were looking for him, he had fought his way out of the flood, rejoined Katak, and was now waiting for them impatiently. 'I was going to eat the turkey without you.' Gerard heard his great laughter and smiled himself.

Gastuche. . . . He seemed to find pleasure even in the petty annoyances of life. It was not detachment on his part, or arrogance, nor yet humility; only a sort of determination to take things for what they are, to accept people for what they were worth, and still to remain fond of them. The worst blackguards were for him not the objects of antipathy but of simple curiosity. He knew how to defend himself, but would never condemn. 'A little childish—altogether a funny guy,' Gerard thought, and immediately reproached himself for judging, even indulgently, his friend who had never presumed to judge anyone. Reality descended upon him. He shouted abuses at his men, who were rowing too slowly. He was irritated at the gaiety with which Malayans did everything, as if life were a perpetual game, interrupted by only two serious occupations: eating and sleeping.

IV

The air was beginning to feel like a breath from the furnace. Gerard felt drops of sweat starting on his forehead, and the back of his neck. They dripped along his back, tickling him. Around each man there was a small cloud of mosquitoes, like an aureole. There were the streaked mosquitoes, more disagreeable than dangerous, but also the thin black ones that pierced one's skin with vertical stings like tiny arrows and were the carriers of malaria. Gerard again donned his drenched jacket.

Occasionally one of the Malayans,

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cheek distended by a quid of betel-root or tobacco, would throw a furtive and perplexed glance at Gerard. They let the boat drift with the current, with an occasional stroke of the oar from time to time to avoid a tree trunk, or else they would merely push themselves away from the obstacles with their hands. Nobody bothered to shout any longer. Gerard mechanically watched the surface of the water on which long lines of ants were carried along, keeping ranks even in death. He put his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands and closed his eyes, thinking of nothing.

A conversation was going on. For a moment he listened without hearing. But there was something so pointed and articulated in their talk, so much at variance with the natural manner of Malayans when they speak among themselves, that he realized that the conversation was meant for his ears.

'Only once,' said one of them.

'No, thrice,' was the answer. 'The crocodile is not permitted to eat his prey unless he has shown it three times to the sun, to the moon and to the stars; then he says: "Look, I wasn't the one who killed him; it was the water."'

'Once, or thrice, when a man comes up to the surface it means that he is swimming. If he is swimming, he has not died. If he disappears after that, it means that he was taken by a crocodile.'

'Yes, it is true, the Tuan is dead.'

'Now the crocodile has hidden him and one will never find him. What is the use of searching, searching and searching after him? The beast is going to keep him in his house in the water two, three, four days and then, when he is soft enough, it will eat him!'

'Shut up, you damned pigs of savages!' cried Gerard, and in his fury, he could not think of enough insults in Malayan. 'Damn you, you are going to look for him until you die, and if you don't find him, I'll kill you!'

The Malayans again began to row in silence. They knew that they didn't need to pay much attention to what a white man says when he is angry. Enough time to chew another quid of betel-root and to let the white man's anger cool and then Mahir, after a few preparatory little coughs, said in a sepulchral voice:—

'The stomach is empty, Tuan.'

But Gerard wouldn't listen. He felt himself grow weak—too weak to make a decision.

V

The jungle suddenly parted like a curtain and they were in the river. The boat shot out to the middle of the current before anyone could control it. For a moment everything hung in the balance. But the Malayans, stung into activity, responded with the necessary reflexes and the boat righted itself as naturally as a fish in the stream. They directed it unhesitatingly upstream. Gerard let them do as they liked. He was at once disappointed and as if relieved of a great weight. Here they were in the fresh air, in the light, in the warmth that burned but did not stifle. Perhaps when one dies, one experiences this feeling of having blundered out of the shadows into the light.

But if one loved life. . . . Vervier did. He used to say: 'In this country one must always make the best of everything and prepare for the worst. I am always prepared.' But sometimes he would speak of returning to Europe.

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He talked about it in a vague fashion, so that Gerard did not even know from what part of Europe he had come. Gerard had thought that he was Belgian because of his nickname of Gastuche. 'In my country they called me Gastuche'—those were his first words at their first meeting—and he had stayed Gastuche to Gerard. In Malay one lives in the present and does not waste time in explanations. People are what they are. But now Gerard would have liked to know more.

He thought back. But only one name among the rare confidences of his friend emerged from the limbo of forgotten things, a name that he had never heard without wanting to laugh, but which Gastuche, on the contrary, used to pronounce solemnly, proudly, magnificently. 'My uncle Gentil-Vandepitte,' Gastuche would say, as if he were saying 'my cousin, Pius XI.' This uncle of Gastuche was the only subject upon which Gerard would not have permitted himself a joke.

So that was all that was left of Gastuche: uncle Gentil-Vandepitte and Katak. And Katak was not even her true name. It was a Malayan nickname meaning frog. At any rate, it was well chosen. If any woman ever resembled a great frog. . . . How could Gastuche ever get used to this absurd being of uncertain race, a caricature of an animal? And yet he adored her, that was certain. And often he insisted that Gerard should also take to himself a native wife. 'Are you a monk, a genius, a eunuch? Well then, do as I do and you won't regret it. Katak will find you somebody like herself.' Gerard thought that if solitude hangs heavy on a man, solitude for two would be even harder to bear. He himself would have preferred a harem. Only his house was too small.

As they followed the meanderings of the river it seemed as if they were not advancing at all. Every new aspect that opened before them was exactly like the preceding one. The men were tiring. They would drift to the bank, and, panting, hold on to a hanging branch. But the sun was falling and they had to start rowing immediately. The stream that carried them was thick and red, as if it were blood from the heart of the earth itself. The turgid waves were clotted with wreckage. Sometimes, Gerard would start up, thinking that he saw an arm flung out of the wave, a human body that still struggled or abandoned itself to the waves. But he reacted less and less to these hallucinations. Immobile and as if stunned, he heard in the depth of his heart a voice that said: 'There is no more hope. It is finished. It is finished.'

VI

A small light filtered through the walls of the cabin. There was, too, a wisp of white smoke like the breath of the one living thing in the twilight. His house. Living, and yet so silent that it seemed unreal. He himself was a ghost. He advanced effortlessly on the rolling ground, carried by the legs that he no longer felt. The fatigue of the day, hunger, heat and anxiety that tormented him—he no longer felt any of those. They were gone, over with. There is a certain limit beyond which sufferings neutralize themselves. And too much grief is like an anaesthetic, and leaves no mark on the sufferer.

Gerard entered. Katak was there

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alone. They looked at each other in silence. Then he got out a towel from the chest and walked slowly to the river. He had only a few steps to go because it had risen so high. The woman, who had followed him with a lamp, lighted his way while he immersed himself, soaped his body and immersed himself again—a daily rite through which he went mechanically, in a sort of daze. Back in the cabin, he threw himself on his mattress and Katak began to massage him. It was a strange kind of massage. It consisted of hard, swift pinches, that seemed to pluck him piecemeal out of his skin.

He felt himself reviving little by little. First his skin: a tingling began on the surface and spread through his whole body. Then it seemed to penetrate into his marrow, his heart, his brain, in a sort of profound caress. It was as if Katak's fingers were plucking off him a layer of cotton that surrounded him. He heard the noise of the river intermittently, as if someone were closing and opening the door. Other noises mixed into it. Behind the partition some one was moving and shifting things, and a warm odor spread in the mist-saturated air. A familiar face appeared through the open door and Ah Koui said: 'Shall I bring in the big bird?'

The turkey. At the thought of this turkey, and as he sniffed the aroma that was now filling the entire cabin, Gerard felt a cramp gripping his stomach, together with such a contraction of the jaws that he could not answer. He motioned yes with his head two or three times, his mouth half open, and suddenly thought that he must look like a hungry animal.

VII

The Noel turkey smoked before him, disemboweled and roasted. Katak did not let him eat too much at once. She cut for him tiny pieces and passed them to him on a fork. Every once in a while she would take a piece with her fingers. He let himself be fed like a sick man, but he was no longer sick, not even weak. The thought, the memory, the sorrow were exhausted, but the body wanted to live.

Ah Koui put two cups of tea on the little bench, and while they drank it, unrolled the mosquito net, tucking its edges under the mattress, as he did every day. He stood there for a moment, motionless, as if waiting for an order, and then disappeared silently.

Another sound arose, that of the rain that started again. The first drops tapped on the roof. This evening it was rain without wind, a rain that will slowly take possession of the whole sky and last through the night. It was a peaceful, penetrating rain, good for the young plants in the nurseries, and its noise drowned all thought. Perhaps it will last always. There was nothing else left in the world. Only the two of them, isolated from the world, he and the silent woman who has followed him under the mosquito net. And around the little house there descended another, gigantic mosquito net, woven by the rain.

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Persons and Personages

The Man Who Made Hitler Rich

By N. Kornev

MAX AMANN was a sergeant in the company in which Adolf Hitler, during four years of the World War, rose finally to the rank of corporal. The Führer retained the pleasantest recollections of his superior. There can be no doubt that the relations between the sergeant and the soldier have remained unchanged.

Among those surrounding Hitler, Max Amann is the man who established order and introduced system into the business of financing the National-Socialist movement. The former sergeant is Hitler's trusted agent, who has created the formidable apparatus of the Nazi press. Finally, it is Max Amann who has given Hitler the personal prosperity which he enjoys today.

It was Max Amann who gave Hitler the feeling of certainty that, regardless of the success or failure of his ultra-ambitious plans in higher politics, he would never again drag out a half-famished existence of a combined hobo and traveling agitator.

Hitler and all his friends among the Nazi leaders are amateurs, either lacking any professional training whatever, or insufficiently trained. Least of all do they understand the mechanics of large enterprises of an industrial or financial nature. To them, accountancy is an enchanted science, the ledger a book under seven seals. The greater the generosity of the industrialists and bankers, and the more frequent the checks which passed into Hitler's hands through Roehm, Göring and others, the more acute became the necessity of demonstrating the soundness of Hitler's own enterprise to the captains of industry and the kings of finance. At this time Hitler began to dream of a chief accountant who would establish order in the Nazi chaos created by political amateurs and adventurers of the type of Roehm and Göring, or by representatives of the journalistic Bohemia of the type of Goebbels. This dream of Hitler's was realized in full by Max Amann. But in realizing the Führer's dream of order in the Nazi business organization, Amann at the same time placed the entire organization under his personal control and direction.

After the World War, Hitler lost sight of his former sergeant. Born in Munich in 1891, of a lower middle class family, Amann prior to the war had been a petty bank clerk. After demobilization, he returned to his job. In his book, Hitler tries to create the impression that Amann made a

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great sacrifice to the Nazi movement by relinquishing an important post in exchange for the position of business manager of the *Völkische Beobachter*. Of course Amann made no such sacrifice. He merely transferred his services to a firm which promised a better career.

Before his accidental meeting with the Führer, Amann had taken no interest in the Nazi movement. He accepted the work for the Nazis exactly as he would have any other work offering him a higher salary. As a man practical in mind and character he hesitated for some time before accepting the offer, but at last agreed on condition that he should take orders only from the Führer, and not from any of the party nabobs or committees.

Hitler was not only ready, but actually delighted, to comply with Max Amann's demands. Shortly after his meeting with Amann, he compelled the Party to elect him as its chairman, ousted Drexler from actual leadership and appointed Max Amann as his 'chief of staff,' the '*Geschäftsführer*' of the Party. Amann transferred the center of the entire Nazi movement to the party publishing organization—but not, be it noted, to the editorial management of the *Völkische Beobachter*, which continued under the rule of Rosenberg. The ideology remained in the hands of Rosenberg; the business passed to Amann.

Amann quickly persuaded Hitler that the chief urgent task of the Nazi movement was to increase the circulation of the *Völkische Beobachter*. It may be said without exaggeration that Hitler's Black Guards originated largely through Amann's desire to organize the recruiting of subscribers for the *Völkische Beobachter* on a grand scale. Obtaining subscribers and advertisers for the *Völkische Beobachter* was emphasized for the stormtroopers and members of the defense squads as a special duty, and those who performed it effectively were declared to be 'the most loyal and useful' members of the party. Simultaneously the newspaper itself, and also the Eher publishing house which owned it and which published all the Nazi literature, became the personal property of Hitler and Amann, although for propriety's sake a few shares were distributed among the other heroes of the future Third Reich. From then on, not only political and party interests, but those of personal business spurred Amann to concentrate all Nazi publishing enterprises in the Eher publishing house. Unflaggingly, methodically, he commenced to build up his own fortune and that of his Führer.

Amann's offensive against the party press in the provinces was launched to force its merging with the central publishing house. Naturally, the considerations stressed in this campaign were ideological in character. Amann's argument was that without central direction in ideological and business matters the provincial Nazi organizations falsified the Führer's ideas. As soon as a newspaper became the object

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of Amann's desires, his assistant, Dietrich, head of the press department of the Nazi Party, sought out punishable offenses against party policies in the most hackneyed articles of the newspaper. Orders went out to cut the supply of advertising to the culprit, and finally, a special messenger from Amann appeared, to deliver an ultimatum: the paper must agree to merge with the Munich publishing house, or it would be declared outlaw to the movement.

Not all newspapers surrendered quickly and without a struggle. Amann had to wage a stubborn fight against Roehm, who controlled the newspaper the *S. A. Mann* (The Stormtrooper), and a string of provincial publications. At one time, it seemed as if Goebbels would succeed in creating a newspaper and a publishing house in Berlin, which would be completely independent from Amann. His newspaper, the *Angriff*, had great success. But despite his unquestionable gifts as an agitator and a demagogue, Goebbels proved himself a poor business man. Amann readily came to his rescue, and as is the rule in the capitalist world, in doing this he put the entire Goebbels enterprise under his thumb.

Hitler's dream of a secure future came true. Indeed, the reality far surpassed his modest petty-bourgeois hopes. The *Geschäftsführer's* imagination was far more sweeping than that of the Führer. The latter dreamed of security and good pay as the editor of the *Völkische Beobachter*. The *Geschäftsführer*, by fair means and foul, created a huge newspaper trust which, even before the Nazi advent to power, could vie in commercial stability and yield of revenue with such gigantic publishing concerns as those of Mosse, Ullstein, and Hugenberg.

'WE HAVE conquered power and public opinion. Therefore, the press is ours.' Such is Amann's doctrine of the rôle of the press in the 'unified' Nazi state. From this doctrine Amann drew extremely practical conclusions. He began by transferring the property of all the Communist, Socialist and trade-union publications to the possession of the Nazi, *i.e.* Amann's and Hitler's, publishing house.

Securing the bourgeois publishing firms was a less simple procedure. Amann began by letting his friends, Goebbels and Dietrich, carry out the unification of the German press, so that it became a matter of complete indifference to the average reader which paper he read. The unification of the press immediately resulted in a catastrophic falling off in circulation and advertising. Here Amann stepped in and bought up Mosse's and Ullstein's firms for a fraction of their real value.

During this period of destruction of the non-Fascist bourgeois press of Germany, Amann was able to buy for 3 to 5 million marks concerns whose real value was from 10 to 25 million marks. Here, too, of course,

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ideology came to the aid of business. Did Amann buy up newspapers and printing presses in order to increase the scale of operations and, consequently, the profits of his concern? No, such a suspicion is nothing more than a 'Marxist slander.' In striving to unify the whole German press under the roof of a single publishing house, Amann was inspired by one aim alone—to make it impossible for anybody to distort the principles of the Nazi movement.

When confronted with opposition that he could not overcome, Amann made a virtue of necessity. When Hitler showed signs of apprehension at the too rapid pace at which the German press was being gathered into the fold of his publishing firm, Amann was able to allay his fears by pointing at the existence of 'independent' organs.

What actually alarmed Hitler was not so much the growth of his publishing house as the thought that the German bourgeoisie, which had handed him the power, would in its turn take fright at a development which was making Hitler one of the biggest capitalists in Germany. Even before Hitler's advent to power, Amann had made him somewhat independent of the big capitalists, inasmuch as the resources of their publishing house helped, partly, to finance the election and propaganda campaigns of the Nazi party. This enabled Hitler to assume greater independence from his patrons and clients, for he was now able to tell them that, at the worst, he could do without them. At the same time Amann executed a remarkable book-keeping *coup*. Making use of the extraordinary profits of his publishing firm, he permitted his financial obligations to swell to 25 million marks. The effect of this was to make certain financial groups directly interested in having Hitler rise to power, since this became the only guarantee of their getting payment for deliveries of newsprint, printing ink, uniforms for the Nazi officers and stormtroopers, and so forth. At the right moment Amann was able to convince Hitler that unless he took over the power, he would become not only politically, but also financially bankrupt. Among other considerations this warning by Amann played its part.

FOLLOWING in the foot-steps of Mosse and Hugenberg, Amann realized from the start that in a capitalist press the central problem is less increase of circulation than of advertising. What he was especially after was concentration in his hands of the advertising of firms dealing in articles of mass consumption, such as patent medicines, canned goods, cigarettes and cigars, cosmetics, radio, etc.—firms that were greatly dependent on the government in the matter of excise taxes, and import and export duties and premiums.

The story of how the tobacco industry placed all its advertising in the hands of Amann makes interesting reading. In the days of the Weimar

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Republic, clouds began to gather over the German tobacco industry in connection with threatened exposure of scandalous state subsidies, exemptions from import duties and excise taxes, etc., which involved many prominent business men and high government officials. By threatening to expose these abuses, Amann compelled the tobacco trust to grant him complete monopoly of its advertising.

Because the German tobacco trust was headed by Jews, a section of the Nazi press refused to accept its advertising. Amann therefore induced Hitler to issue a special order which whipped the unruly editors into line. Furthermore, after Hitler took over the government, the government department in charge of tobacco imports was given a new chief in the person of the Jew David Schnur, one of the leaders of the tobacco trust and a close collaborator of Amann's, who since conducted negotiations with foreign countries in the name of the Nazi government.

While Amann was fighting for the creation of his publishing firm, he still retained a modicum of the polish of a small bank-clerk. Victory achieved, he reverted to the language of the sergeant of the old German army, a language both cynical and brazen. He phrases his views in shallow jokes of the barracks, interspersed with quotations from the Führer's pronouncements on the rôle of the Nazi philosophy and the Nazi press. But Amann knows that the important thing is business, not ideology. For this reason, now that his publishing concern has established itself firmly in the Nazi state, he has readily left ideology to the care of Goebbels and his fellow-workers.

At all events, the Führer has no cause to be displeased with his *Geschäftsführer*.

Henri Derain

By René Kerdyk

Translated from *Gringoire*, Paris Ultra-Conservative Weekly

HE HAS left Rue Bonaparte where, followed by his huge Belgian shepherd, he used to take his leisurely morning walks each day. He was very fond of this bit of old Paris that sprawls crazily downward to the wharves. He feels himself uprooted in Montsouris. He misses Mazarine, Jacob, Seine, André-des-Arts—all those sweet streets where every bookbindery, every antiquarian shop appealed to his imagination and held his casual glance. But he comes back to it, and makes his rounds again. He never wearies of these terraces, decked with flowers in the summer, the succession of little balconies, the tinted window-panes, the rounded roofs dipping to the silent little courtyards.

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The good ladies of the neighborhood nod to him from their stoops, eyeing with pleasure his gothic silhouette, the hulky figure that struts along in a blue suit, a soft beret perched over one ear, and, regardless of the season, wearing an odd loose topcoat that reaches to his knees.

Behold our painter finally settled in his terrace café, at a table which has been his accustomed place for twenty years. The chair groans beneath his weight. He is happy: this is his favorite time of the day. His hat pulled down, his eyes heavy and fixed in his fleshy face, looking somewhat like an old-time actor, Derain listens to the talk around him, brooding over his double chin. He smokes incessantly, lighting one cigarette after the other. He laughs at quips: he relishes surrealist discussions and delights in conflicts that arise beneath the impact of ideas. Yet he rarely enters into the conversation. He wants to be the arbiter and call the shots.

When he does have something to say, he overwhelms the listeners with his charm. He never shows off his intelligence. But the man Derain possesses an exquisite culture and the artist a sort of rough nobility. Beneath his lowering and sluggish exterior, Derain has unsuspected qualities of refinement and good taste. His conversation has a curious flavor. He expresses himself in deliberate, well-chosen words. Listening to him one has a constant impression that he is about to say the ultimate significant word—which he, however, keeps back.

IT IS hard to imagine this significant personage as he was in his youth. He was a slender young man, breathing forth elegance which he hoped was 'British.' He wore exquisite waistcoats, apple-green cravats, and liked to be in the limelight. It was hard, as a matter of fact, to avoid noticing this big young man who haunted the crooked little streets of Montmartre, his eternal pipe clenched firmly between his teeth, wearing his indubitable talent on his sleeve for everyone to see.

He had a studio on Rue de Tourlaque in the midst of an odd artists' community, artists who called themselves '*Les Fusains*'—the crayons. There he spread his immense canvas upon which he threw himself with ardor, a true *fauve*, using up innumerable tubes of paint, splashing blood on trees, filling his meadows with scenes of infernal massacre, in the midst of which women, beautiful as angels, held indigo stallions by the bridle.

Derain, who was born at Chatou, was rich only in his insouciance, in his capacity for lyricism, his vernal memories. His heart still held the memories of country byways, stiles, barges immobile on the water and pale sirens with red hair. Together with his crony Vlaminck, he strayed through many fields of art. But already Derain had a deep knowledge of painting and was able to draw upon his own resources. The pictures that

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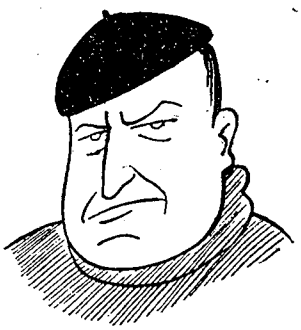
he sent to the Indépendants shocked and excited the curiosity of critics. The artist took their protests in his stride. He was amused, even as he is now amused by the rapt admiration of his followers who swoon with delight at everything he does.

Then came the pre-War period, those happy days of the Kahnweiller gallery and the Rue Vignon. The main thing was to enjoy life to the hilt. One had to be original—yes, even in one's appearance—anything to horrify the bourgeois! A neo-artistic genre was born. One had to see with one's own eyes the sensational appearance presented by the four exponents of the modern art, Braque, Picasso, Vlaminck and Derain, to appreciate the effect they must have had upon their contemporaries. They wore rough Scotch clothes, wide trousers that gave their legs an elephantine appearance, checked caps that made them look like boxing trainers, together with a characteristic swagger and hunched shoulders that completed the illusion.

The four of them would visit a Matisse 'varnishing' at Bernheim's. The quartet would enter in their usual attire and with an air of sublime indifference make an arrogant swaggering tour of the room. This advent of the four *fauves* would create a sensation and poor Matisse would tremble like a leaf. Then they would leave as they came, in an Indian file, without having exchanged a look or uttered a word. They would relax in the nearest bar, content with the day's work, after having shocked the customers and crushed a fellow *fauve*.

After the tumult of his younger days Derain has withdrawn deeper into himself. His painting is now a long hymn to contemplation: thence the tender iron-gray tint in which all his still lives are bathed, showing that he has learned well the lesson taught by Fouquet and Chardin. Through ardent and scholarly research he has learned the secret of light.

But he is still a good drinker, with his heart on his sleeve, debonair, generous and improvident. He will be found at all celebrations and parties. And in the meanwhile he cuts trees like a lumberjack, refuses all honors and does etchings for Vollard.



HENRY DERAIN

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How the modern world disposed of a serious and unexpected emergency.

Atlantis Rises!

By William Adams

JACKSONVILLE, Florida, Oct. 31, 1939.—A mysterious wireless call received at shore stations here this morning was branded a hoax. The message read: '*S. S. Remington* hard aground. Latitude 31, longitude 35. Captain Delano.' The position reported is in the North Atlantic Ocean. There is no land within hundreds of miles of it.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—Speculation mounted tonight as wireless messages from the American merchant ship, *S. S. Remington*, continued to report that the ship is stranded in mid-Atlantic. The latest communication from the vessel's master fixed her exact position as North latitude 31.06, West longitude 35.10, approximately 300 miles southwest of the Azores Islands, and said that at nightfall she was still unable to make progress and was drawing only 27 feet of water. Earlier soundings had shown 29 feet.

Local officials of the Amer-Afric Line, owners of the ship, said that her position as reported would put her right on her course and on schedule. She sailed from Casablanca, French Morocco, Thursday, bound for Baltimore. Captain Horace Delano, her master, a remote relative of President Roosevelt, is highly esteemed in the shipping community as a veteran and reliable navigator.

Professor I. G. Vishinsky, lecturer in Oceanography at Columbia University, tonight discounted rumors that the *Remington* was in the weed-choked region of the Sargasso Sea.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 1.—A message received at the naval station here from the *S. S. Remington*, reports that an island, a square mile in extent, arose during the night a half mile from where she is lying. The *Remington* is believed to be stranded on a shelf, still under water, of the same ascending land formation.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The eyes of the world were fastened today on a point in the North Atlantic where, in

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what has been since time immemorial a desolate waste of water, a new Atlantis is rising.

At noon today the new land's accidental discoverer, Captain Horace Delano, wirelessed that to escape becoming 'mired in an island of impassable mud' he and his crew were preparing to launch life-boats and row toward the open sea, while the water surrounding their ship was still deep enough to admit oars. He reported that the island was growing hourly. . . .

Several ships at sea have altered their courses and are proceeding to the scene of the new land's upheaval. Among these, the *S. S. Underwood*, a sister ship of the *Remington*, at noon was only forty miles distant.

ABOARD THE *S. S.* UNDERWOOD, off Atlantis Island, Nov. 1.—Steaming at reduced speed and taking soundings at quarter-hour intervals, the *S. S. Underwood* arrived off Atlantis at 4:10 P.M. Captain Delano and twenty-six men from the abandoned *Remington* came alongside in two lifeboats and were taken aboard. The central part of the new land formation is standing about six feet above sea level. The *Remington* has been lifted entirely out of the water. Night set in before any attempt could be made to get a line aboard her.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—In reply to a question in the House of Commons today, Prime Minister Chamberlain said that his Government is paying close attention to the situation that has been created by the eruption of new territory in the North Atlantic Ocean. . . .

Asked if the Government was preparing a naval expedition to 'New' Atlantis, he replied that it was not and that assurances had been received from Italy and Germany that they were not. His statement, he 'hoped,' would 'set at rest rumors that they were.'

BERLIN, Nov. 1.—The German press is maintaining strict silence on the subject of Atlantis. Asked to comment on it, Reich officials replied that they were unable to, since they had no knowledge of its existence.

ROME, Nov. 1.—The only mention of Atlantis in the Roman newspapers has been an editorial item in *Giornale d'Italia*, by Virginio Gayda, whose pen is usually guided by Premier Mussolini's hand, ridiculing it as a 'Yankee hoax of the sea serpent variety' and asserting that it is by 'manufacturing such marine news' that 'the vaunted American free press tries to avert the gaze of the American people from their domestic misery.'

FROM THE *S. S.* UNDERWOOD, off Atlantis, Nov. 2.—A squadron of two German and two Italian warships arrived here at 12:30 P.M. Soon after dropping anchor they launched scouting planes, which remained aloft an hour flying back and forth above the new land.

The attempt to salvage the grounded *S. S. Remington* has been abandoned. The area of the new land grew so rapidly during the night that she now lies so far inland there is no way to reach her . . .

BERLIN, Nov. 2.—The Foreign Office asserted tonight that the German ships reported off Atlantis have been in the Atlantic several months. It said that they had fallen in with the Italian vessels at sea, 'unexpectedly,' and that their running upon Atlantis

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was a second 'fortuitous' happening.

It stated that the ships are over-age destroyers converted into oceanographical research-vessels and placed at the disposal of the Deep Sea Fishery Institute at Kiel, which has been employing them in a study of the migrations and feeding habits of deep-sea food fish.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—Information that German and Italian war ships were already congregating off Atlantis raised a storm of angry denunciation in newspapers and public assemblies here tonight. The nation's reaction to the German government's explanation for the presence of their ships at Atlantis—that they were engaged in tracing the migrations of fish—was one of cynicism and suspicion. It was typified in the remark of a prominent member of Parliament: 'Now we are awaiting word from Rome assuring us that her warships are at Atlantis only to study the possibility of preserving it for a bird sanctuary. . . .'

David Lloyd George, war-time Prime Minister, in a national radio-address, raised his voice in a warning that 'if Atlantis is allowed to fall into the grasp of the Fascist pirate-nations, then its rise signals the submergence of Great Britain in the world-scheme.'

In one of the most eloquent speeches he has delivered since the War, the aged statesman declared: 'The Atlantic is the main-stream of the modern world. For upward of a century England's world position has been based on her command of it. . . . In the Mediterranean and the Sea of China we have suffered much and yet restrained our hand. But in the Atlantic we cannot. It is our home. Our control of it is, for us, a question of life and death.

'When Hitler and Mussolini extend their axis into the Atlantic, England must warn them, "Stand back, before you venture beyond your depth! Let the pair of you try to extend your conquests to Atlantis and it will prove the rock on which your dreams of empire split! Remember! there is an English island in the Atlantic called St. Helena. It has already served as a place to confine madmen who cherished dreams of conquest in opposition to the might of British sea-power. Take heed! or it will be your final destination!"'

LONDON, Nov. 2.—A report that a squadron of British warships, including *H. M. S. Hood*, the largest battle vessel afloat, after having been hastily provisioned, had sailed today from Portsmouth with sealed orders, was received in the capital tonight. The Admiralty refused either to deny or to confirm it.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Acting swiftly in face of the danger of European nations using Atlantis as a stepping stone for aggression upon the American continent, President Roosevelt today ordered a re-allocation of America's naval strength, dividing it between her two coasts and creating an Atlantic Fleet.

At Pacific bases, home ports of the Navy since the World War, shore leaves were canceled and fuel and provisions hastily loaded as ships prepared to weigh anchor at dawn tomorrow and steam for the Panama Canal.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—By his involuntary discovery of a new Atlantis, an American sea-captain has deposited

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on the doorstep of the State Department one of the most difficult problems that has ever confronted it. Within the Department, and outside it, two contrary schools of thought have already sprung up, one asserting that the United States must make Atlantis a colonial dependency; the other, that she must sever the slender cord now binding her to the new land and, in the future, stand absolutely detached from it.

The latter assert that the Monroe Doctrine, the cardinal principle of our foreign policy, which prohibits Europe from intervening in this hemisphere, has its counterpart in a prohibition upon American intervention in the Old World. They fear that by claiming Atlantis, a land whose near neighbors and geological counterparts are the European insular dependencies, the Azores, the Canaries and Madeira, we would not only involve ourselves in a conflict with every State in Europe, but would surrender the right to keep them out of America at a time when the doctrines of Fascism are spreading with the virulence of a plague. They wish, rather, to see Atlantis become an independent republic, open to the commerce and immigration of all nations . . .

The annexationists, who include in their number those who see in Atlantis either a station upon the forthcoming American trans-Atlantic air-route or a naval outpost, guaranteeing the defense of the Panama Canal and our Caribbean naval bases, claim that in trying to avoid European entanglement their adversaries actually are inviting it. They argue that Atlantis is certain to become a cause of war if the question of who will possess it is left to be wrangled over by all the nations of Europe. The only way to prevent this occurring, they insist, is for the United States, a strong, extra-European Power, acknowledged to have no aggressive aims, to put forth a claim to undivided possession of the new land and announce that she is prepared to enforce it with all her strength.

They claim that, geographically, Atlantis should be included in the American hemisphere rather than the European. They point out that no part of Europe or Africa lies within a thousand miles of its location, west longitude 35, whereas the easternmost part of South America, the bulge of Brazil, touches the same meridian; while among world capitals, Washington is closer to the new land than London, Rome or Berlin, and New York lies nearer to it than these three and Paris also.

LONDON, Nov. 3.—H. G. Wells, the creator of numerous imaginary new worlds, today hailed the advent of a real one, Atlantis, as 'an opportunity offered the twentieth century to bring to realization, using all the tools and knowledge of modern science in a new land unburdened with hereditary proprietorships, prejudices or hatreds, that perfect society which Bacon described three centuries ago in his romance of the New Atlantis. . . .'

LONDON, Nov. 3.—Victor Backwater, the authority on naval affairs, in an article to be published in the *Morning Telegraph* tomorrow, will say that the British Admiralty already envisages Atlantis as the main link in the new chain of imperial communication that it is forging to India and the Far East.

In Atlantis the Admiralty sees the

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ideally situated British stronghold: only 2000 miles distant from England, commanding the Atlantic and the gates of the Mediterranean, and, unlike Gibraltar or Freetown, an oceanic base, beyond the range of land-guns and divided by thousands of leagues of salt water from the armies of England's potential enemies. As a high-ranking naval officer said yesterday: 'Had I been asked to place my finger on that spot on the globe where I wished there was a British naval base and where there was none, I should have indicated the very point where Atlantis has risen.'

Perhaps it is worth noting that the coming of Atlantis has caused a revival of religious feeling that is sweeping through the Navy and is amounting, among the higher command, almost to exaltation. The dawning out of nowhere of a new naval base, at the very time when the Empire stands in such extreme need of it, is seen as a sign that the same Providence which, in past centuries, lifted England to world-dominance, is still at work, reforming the design of the world to her advantage.

PARIS, Nov. 3.—A rumor that the United States is planning to offer France sovereignty of Atlantis, with the expectation that it will be administered as a part of French Morocco, is circulating here in the capital. America's action would be based, it is said, on the fact that France is the only nation in Europe governed by republican and democratic ideals similar to her own . . .

Newspapers here are filled with romantic speculation about Atlantis and in streets and cafés one overhears people drawing up ideal constitutions that will assure the new land the fairest future. There is little talk, however, of actual emigration to it.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—Local travel agencies and steamship offices were today besieged with calls from persons anxious to book passage for Atlantis. Although no service to the new land is yet in operation, it is believed that several liners scheduled to depart soon upon Voyages to Nowhere or to the West Indies may be diverted to the new run . . .

PONTINIA, Nov. 4.—Premier Mussolini, addressing colonists of this Fascist-made city on the site of the ancient Pontine marshes, today made his first public pronouncement on the subject of Atlantis. . . . The text of his speech follows:—

'Blackshirts of Pontinia! I have selected this site, which a few years ago was an uninhabited, malarial marshland, but, reclaimed by Fascism, today is a populous agricultural province, to speak to the Italian people of another new land. I refer to Atlantis, the island that has been thrown up in the North Atlantic. . . .

'The first question that Atlantis raises is: To whom will it belong? Not long ago certain nations were in the habit of confusing the sphere of their imperial influence with the globe itself. Italy has since taught them that one great sea, the Mediterranean, lies outside of it. Now will Italy submit to the idea that, because they happen to be situated in or upon it, the Atlantic is peculiarly theirs, their private preserve, in which everything that turns up is their lawful prize? I answer, "No." The high seas belong to no nation. Like the heavens above, the

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sun and the moon, they are a part of the common property of the world. International law admits of no misreading on this point.

'Next, has the United States, because one of her mariners got himself stranded on it, a title of ownership to Atlantis? Again I reply with an unequivocal, "No!" and again international law reinforces my contention. It decrees that the possession of new territory must be based, not on discovery, but on colonization.

'The question, therefore, of who will own Atlantis, becomes the question, "Who shall colonize it?" I answer, "Whoever is most fit to colonize it." Its Southern latitude, its climate, its gentle contours and abundant sunshine mark it as a land like Italy. Atlantis has not risen on the horizon of the twentieth century merely to afford some declining, sub-arctic Power a new naval base or a dumping ground to which it can transport its dole-population. It has a different destiny. Just as the future belongs to Fascism, so does Atlantis. It has emerged in response to the demand of the virile, too abundant Italian people for more room. Only the sturdy sons of the soil are fit to colonize the new-arisen earth. Destiny demands that it be planted with them.'

The speech was greeted with thunderous cheers. As farmers waved shovels, spades and pitchforks, and cried 'To Atlantis!', Il Duce was obliged to reappear on the balcony of the government palace time and time again.

BERLIN, Nov. 4.—The prospect of an immediate rupture of the Rome-Berlin axis was seen here tonight, Premier Mussolini's Pontinia address visualizing Atlantis as an Italian colony was compared here, in its suddenness and unexpectedness, to a thunderbolt.

Reichsführer Hitler, it is well-known, views Atlantis as a heaven-sent windfall affording him an opportunity to dispose of two of Germany's major problems, and, at the same time, strengthen his ties with England. He would trade the Nazis' interest in the new land to her in exchange for Germany's lost colonies . . . Atlantis would be established as a New Canaan, a haven for world Jewry. Thereby, Germany would liquidate an unwanted element of her population. England would profit doubly too; securing, at a single stroke, a new naval base in the Atlantis and a solution of her Palestine problem.

Germany had thought that if England, by certain concessions, could win France's approval to this plan, she could promise Italy's adherence. But Premier Mussolini's speech of yesterday, unless it was simply rhetoric for home consumption, upsets all her calculations.

LONDON, Nov. 5.—George Bernard Shaw in a letter to the *Times* published today advised the English people to abandon their present homeland and emigrate to Atlantis. 'This would be,' he wrote, 'a real housing scheme: a national house-moving. England needs a new habitation and a different situation. There is no sense in our clinging to these foggy islands, whose soil and minerals we have almost exhausted and which no longer afford us security of life, merely because of the accident that we were born in them. Our only choice is to remove ourselves, or be

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removed by our neighbors, with gas-shell and bomb.'

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—Reports from observers off Atlantis describe it as already the size of Rhode Island. Expectations that it might disappear with the same suddenness it arose have had to be discarded. Atlantis is firmly anchored and in the world to stay. The world is faced with the tremendous problem of incorporating it peaceably into the design of the twentieth century.

Hundreds of thousands of men, sick of poverty and political oppression, sick of the nations they were born in, with their long-established class and property divisions, their exhausted soils and paralyzed industries, have rejoiced in the coming of Atlantis and look forward to sharing in its first harvest. Will not its virgin, volcanic soil, watered by the trade winds, be as fertile as that of the close-lying Canaries, which produce an export surplus of potatoes, sugar, bananas and wine? Can the possibility of gold and petroleum deposits—but it is not these they are seeking. They would emigrate to Atlantis gladly if its only wealth were soil that would grow turnips and air in which they could breathe freedom.

However, this great mass of men are the subjects of separate and hostile States which, in the past, have transported them to kill and be killed at every place on the globe whose situation, like that of Atlantis, made it strategically valuable to commerce or naval warfare. What is more, Atlantis has arisen not only in a dangerous place but at a critical time when these same States are attempting to alleviate the pressure of population increase by expensive reclamation projects, laboriously wresting a little land from swamp or sea at home. And here at Atlantis the tireless waves are turning up acres of new land each day!

LONDON, Nov. 6.—All agencies of public information, including newspapers and radio broadcasting stations, were tonight requisitioned by the Government to quiet a nation-wide alarm that the rise of Atlantis had caused an alteration in the ocean level and that the British Isles were in danger of submergence . . .

Some trace the origin of the fear, which this morning was fast invading the whole nation, to the misconstruction of a phrase in David Lloyd George's radio speech of Thursday night, when he declared that 'the rise of Atlantis signals the submergence of Great Britain.' He was referring at the time to her position in world-politics . . .

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—As news dispatches from every part of the country report armies of 'Atlantis marchers' converging upon Washington, the new land promises to afford the bitterest issue that has divided the Republican and Democratic parties since slavery.

Democrats assert that Republicans, painting Atlantis as a new Eden, are urging relief recipients to emigrate from their home communities, supplying them with gasoline and provisions and assuring them that President Roosevelt will turn over to them the laid-up ships of the Government-owned Emergency Fleet when they reach the East coast. According to them the aim of this stratagem is to

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secure a Republican victory in next year's presidential election by dispersing onto the highways and to cities where they are not registered, thousands of normally Democratic voters, thereby insuring their absence from the polls on election day.

BERLIN, Nov. 7.—The Gestapo, the secret police, tonight swept through the capital raiding the headquarters and arresting hundreds of members of a secret society which has been organizing an Aryan emigration to Atlantis.

The existence of the conspiracy was uncovered when numbers of birth-certificates, presented by prospective emigrants to Atlantis and showing their grandmothers to have been Jewish, were discovered to be forgeries.

Chancellor Hitler has decreed that while Jewish emigration to Atlantis will be encouraged by the State, no Aryans will be granted passports to it.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 7.—Ezekiel Emerson, author-statistician-economist, addressing a banquet of the National Manufacturers' Association, tonight warned industry and agriculture that a mass emigration of the unemployed to Atlantis, instead of bringing back prosperity, would cause the breakdown of the American economic system.

'This system,' he said, 'can be compared to a most sensitive and marvelously complicated machine in which each section of our population constitutes a necessary part with a specific function—not excepting the unemployed. The breakdown of a single part will throw the whole of this delicate machinery out of joint. The complete removal of such a large section as our unemployed would give it so violent a wrench that the whole mechanism would be irreparably wrecked.

'In other words, our unemployed have become an integral part of our economy. Their removal would have disastrous consequences. First, it would diminish the labor supply, destroying the established equilibrium—represented in the present wage level—and resulting in an increase in the bargaining and political power of Labor. Second, it would dislocate the profit system. Were eight million consumers removed wholesale from the American market, prices would have to be pushed so high to maintain profits that the whole system would collapse, bringing in its wake the anarchy of free competition.'

To the argument that the New Atlanteans would simply import the goods they now consume here, he replied: 'What will they do in Atlantis? Nothing? No. They will produce for themselves; perhaps everything they need. How would we be able to prevent them from doing so? . . . No, it is better for us to have them consuming a little at Government expense and dependent on us, than producing for themselves, in independence, outside our walls.

'We are one people, we of America, all of us sharing in the American way of life, through good times and less prosperous. The notion that a large segment of our population can lay down the privileges and burdens of American citizenship and sail blithely away below the horizon should be resisted—by force of arms, if necessary. Such a mass emigration would constitute an act no less treasonable than the secession of a state from the Union.'

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OFF ATLANTIS, Nov. 8.—Following a week of steady rain, signs of life are appearing on Atlantis. During the past few days grass shoots and small red flowers have greeted the eyes of those in the ships. . . . They are believed to have germinated from seeds carried here on the feet of migratory birds, great fleets of which fly out of the sky, swarm down and occupy the land for days, eating the rich sea-bottom life, abundant in the Atlantis soil.

Agreements have been made between the commanders of the different national squadrons to prevent any landing of civilians, thus considerably reducing the possibility of international friction.

OFF ATLANTIS, Nov. 9.—Two boatloads of men and women made a desperate attempt to run the international blockade and reach the mainland of Atlantis here today. They had almost gained the shore when they were sighted by an Italian cruiser.

The cruiser opened fire and the two boats were riddled, sinking with complete loss of life. Captain L. K. Smythe-Jones, master of the British merchant ship, *S. S. Vanguard*, later reported that two lifeboats were gone from his ship and that a check of the passenger roster revealed 33 persons, twelve of them women, to be missing. The *Vanguard* is under charter to an Atlantis Emigration Club, whose members, mainly recruited from Manchester, came here in the expectation of practicing some ideal form of Christian Communism.

Admiral Alberti, commanding Italy's Atlantis squadron, termed the attempted landing, 'A clear violation of international law, happily thwarted by the vigilance of the Fascist sea-forces.'

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Tonight, on the eve of the twenty-first anniversary of the World War's end, reports from Atlantis of an Italian warship shelling and sinking boats filled with British subjects rocked all Europe and the peace of the world trembled in the balance.

There was no attempt here to minimize the seriousness of the situation. The staffs of the various embassies worked into the small hours coding messages and conducting overseas telephone conversations. Lights in the State Department and the White House glowed all night and President Roosevelt announced the cancellation of his proposed Caribbean fishing trip so that he might keep in touch with developments.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—President Roosevelt, in an effort to preserve world peace, today appealed for an international conference to dispose of the problem of Atlantis. . . .

REYKJAVIK, Nov. 13.—The International Conference to Dispose of Atlantis, with the representatives of sixty-two nations in attendance, opened here today.

The delegates, who arrived here this morning by plane, were welcomed to Iceland by her President, J. Irkling, in a speech as brief and electric as a cablegram. After reminding them that the thread of world war presided over their deliberations, he said, 'The problem that you have before you ought to be easily solved. None of you has any claim to Atlantis, based on history or geography, su-

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perior to that of any other. Its name, Atlantis, evokes none of the traditional hatreds, recalls none of the wars, that have divided you in the past. You ought to be able to arrive at a quick, an equable and a peaceful disposition of it.'

The presentation of credentials by the delegates ran off like clock-work, excepting for one unpleasant interruption. As Lord Halifax, the English delegate, finished stating that his country which 'had been the first to light the lamps of civilization, Christianity and culture in so many dark and undeveloped places of the earth, stood ready to aid and advance the peaceful development of Atlantis,' a poorly-dressed, wild-eyed man jumped to his feet and began, in unprintable and almost unintelligible English, to assail the character and motives of the whole assembly. Before he was removed from the conference hall he was roughly handled by some of the delegates. It was discovered outside, where he was rescued by passing citizens, that he professed to represent the Basque nation, 'whose people, the acknowledged descendants of the original Atlanteans, having been made homeless by Fascist bombers, appeal to the world for a new home in Atlantis. . .'

At midnight when they adjourned, to find it still daylight outside, there was a noticeable feeling of optimism among the delegates. There was general agreement that the designation of Iceland as the place of the meeting was a singularly happy one. Here, far from Geneva and the memory of the futility of so many past international congresses, in the bracing atmosphere of a land that has no unemployment, crime or armament, a spirit conducive to work and good will seems naturally to prevail.

REYKJAVIK, Nov. 16.—Expectations that the International Conference to Dispose of Atlantis, having thrown the new land open to world immigration, had only a simple piece of work before it, that of fixing immigration quotas, and would adjourn shortly, gave way to pessimism today.

It had been assumed that only a few nations, and none that did not border upon the Atlantic, would seek to participate in the settlement of the new territory and that the number of immigrants allotted to each could be determined simply by making them proportionate to their total populations. Instead, every nation represented at the Conference has come forward with a claim to colonizing the new land. The claims are so many and conflicting that today the most optimistic observers admitted that months must elapse before all of them can be weighed and adjusted.

The first difference arose when the first delegate to speak, Arnaldo Aloisi, Italy's representative, contended that the yardstick to be used in determining the quotas should not be simply the total of any nation's population, but that figure divided by her square miles of arable land, number of units of power resources and gold deposits. And then, that the nations that were least in this scale should be apportioned, in inverse order, the largest shares in Atlantean immigration.

The next delegate, Baron Jujui of Japan, presenting his country's case, began by asserting, 'To deny Japan the right to colonize and base naval forces in the Atlantic would be tantamount to denying the right of any

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Atlantic power to do the same in Asia. . . .'

Switzerland's delegate, Professor Cyriaque Monnet, began by reminding the assembly that while Switzerland had always spoken with a small voice in international congresses of the past, she had then been in the position of a host, but now that the world had seen fit to transfer its international deliberations to Iceland, she would speak out with a strong voice. He asserted that Switzerland had been completely overlooked in the partitioning of Africa and Asia and that the historic wrongs done to her, both by nature and her sister nations, should be corrected by the bestowal of Atlantis upon her. . . .

REYKJAVIK, Nov. 20.—Bringing its deliberations to a sudden and dramatic conclusion, the International Conference to Dispose of Atlantis today decreed, 'in order to preserve the peace of the world and the future of civilization,' the immediate destruction of the new land.

The measure was passed with only one dissenting voice, that of Iceland's delegate, L. Reck, who made an emotional last-hour appeal to the convention to destroy Iceland instead of Atlantis and allow his people to populate the new land. At one point, he said, 'I shudder to think that I must inform my people that Atlantis, which they have pictured as an island of every tropic felicity, is going to be destroyed. They will be indignant that their homeland was used for the site of this assembly.'

The plan for disposing of the new land which, after first dazzling the world with the vision of a new Eden, turned into an apple of discord, dividing it and bringing it to the verge of war, has been thoroughly worked out. Plans at first considered, involving the use of dynamite or of warships and planes to shell it out of existence, were found to be impracticable.

The plan eventually evolved calls for a fleet of high-power hopper-dredges which, after razing the earth already upthrown, will be stationed permanently at the site to scoop up the land as fast as it nears the surface, then carry it to the open sea and dump it. The cost of maintaining the fleet, whose organization is to be modeled after the North Atlantic Iceberg Patrol, will be divided among the different nations bordering upon the Atlantic.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—The Iceland Conference's successful solution of the Atlantis problem, preserving the peace and balance of power of the world, was hailed here tonight as a triumph of international coöperation which shows the modern world capable of meeting and disposing of any emergency, however serious or unexpected. . . .

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Here are some results of Nazi propaganda in Alsace and in Switzerland.

The Shadow *of* Hitler

I. Swastika over Alsace

By Ilya Ehrenbourg

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee

OPPOSITE Strassburg is the German city of Kehl. The Rhine divides them but from the French city you can see German fortifications. Kehl's batteries were trained on Strassburg —I say 'were' because, as everyone knows, a pact of peace was signed in Munich. But the inhabitants of Strassburg are not so sure—so far as they can see, the German guns are still trained on the Alsatian capital.

Lately, not a few Strassburgers have been discussing the Franco-German rapprochement. Some because they want to eat, others because they are afraid. The window of a large bookstore is decorated with quotations from Victor Hugo and Edouard Daladier; it seems that both of them had 'extended a hand of friendship to Germany.' One hand, however, the one that had penned *Hernani*, was stretched to the German people; the other, that has signed the Munich pact, is extended to the German Chancellor.

The mayor of Strassburg has changed the name of a street from Liberté to Daladier. But the organ of the Alsace autonomists, the *Narrenschiff*, reminds its readers that, after all, the rue Daladier was once the Kaiser-Friedrichstrasse.

The Alsatian autonomists have finally understood the meaning of Munich. On October 3 another of their papers, the *Elsass-Lothringische Zeitung*, known simply as *Elz*, wrote: 'We demand from France the freedom that she promised to us in 1918. We want the freedom she has been promising to us for twenty years, a freedom she finds perfectly natural when applied to other countries.' This declaration caused considerable agitation among British conservatives, who are so skilful in the division of other people's lands. A correspondent of Lord

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Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, returning from Alsace, assured the British, *à la* Runciman, that the majority of Alsatians thirst to be Hitler's subjects. 'We must know what to do when the German movement spreads to this province, and our decision must be taken beforehand.' This article caused great indignation in Alsace.

It seems to me that nine-tenths of the Alsatians are loyal to France. During the few days of mobilization all reservists came to their posts, and readily took up their rifles. Hitlerites grew quiet; they were less afraid of the French police than of their own people. Alsace does not want to exchange its present lot for the concentration camps of the Third Reich. Yet there is danger—danger in the overindulgence on the part of some Frenchmen, and treachery on the part of others.

II

The extreme autonomists have organized the Alsace-Lorraine Party, which is headed by Führer Bickler, and whose ideas are formulated by the theoretician Dr. Spieser. Its program is expressed in the following slogan: 'We demand self-determination.' In his paper *Freies Volk*, Bickler slanders France and praises Hitler. Dr. Spieser owns the *Strassburger Monatshefte*, which prints the following militant sentiments: 'We must be Germans in sermons and songs, in speeches and writings, in poems and prayers. We don't want to be French, we want to be what we once were.' In the same journal the reader will find a racist theory, together with essays which seek to prove that the French race is no longer pure since it has an admixture of Negro blood.

One of the houses in Strassburg has a plate on the door. Here Goethe wrote the ninth part of *Poetry and Truth*. This house is occupied by the staff of Hitlerites. They distribute among the Alsatians not Goethe's books but pamphlets and brochures that incite murder and the launching of pogroms. I looked into their headquarters and remembered the Berlin *Bierstuben* in the year 1932 where Nazis used to foregather: the same faces, the same talk, the same conspiratorial atmosphere.

Bickler's party has its greatest following among the Lutherans. Many pastors tell their parishioners: 'Our gospel is the Bible and *Mein Kampf*.' The Party is organized on the German model. When they meet, the Alsatian Hitlerites raise their hands and exchange the greetings: 'Free people!' 'In our own land!' Their emblem is a modified Swastika. They have secret meetings, places of which are indicated in newspapers by secret code. The new members swear to follow the direction of the leader to the letter. In October the Strassburg police finally searched the headquarters of the Alsace-Lorraine Party. The conspirators were given plenty of warning so that they might hide any compromising papers. Nevertheless, much interesting material was uncovered. Bickler's party was found to have relations with Henlein's adjutant, Kundt, and with the Hitlerian organizations in Schleswig and Eupen. The police seized pamphlets urging political treason, together with a list of members of the party, totaling 2,300 names. Also seized were arm-bands by which the conspirators were to recognize one another when the hour struck.

One would suppose that after this

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Bickler would be arrested, his party dissolved and his newspaper suppressed. But no—the Alsatian Führer still walks through Strassburg. His cohorts continue their work and his paper *Freies Volk* insolently protests the actions of the police, asking indignantly: 'How long will this scandal go on?'

Bickler and his friends are a scouting party. The advance guard follows him — the autonomist Landespartei headed by Schall, whose organ is the *Elz*. Every day thousands of copies go to Germany. The paper is financed by German money. The *Elz* is full of such pronouncements as these: 'Our demands have now lost their local character; they have gone beyond the concept of region or province.' This is written not in Asch but in Strassburg! Their satiric magazine, the *Narrenschiff*, has lately published a few revealing cartoons. One is malicious: Beneš on a visit to France says, 'You see, madame, what happens when a national minority is badly treated.' Another is more lyrical: the right of self-determination was killed and buried under the Versailles Treaty in 1919; in 1938 it is resurrected. All this is, of course, in the nature of a warning.

III

The position of the vanguard is carefully camouflaged—the autonomists hold the commanding posts in Alsace's most important political party, the U.P.R. (Union Populaire Republicain). Although among this party's ranks there are people who are loyal to France, as for example, deputy Walter, its true leader is Joseph Rossé; I doubt if the majority of the members of this Catholic party realize the extent of his treasonable activities. The German papers constantly refer to him as '*heimattreu*.' It is obvious just which *Heimat* they mean. Rossé's party is a large one—it sends seven deputies to the Chamber and controls the great Alsatian newspaper monopoly of ten journals.

Recently, Rossé took a leaf from Henlein's political primer and declared in a letter to Camille Chautemps that he saw the Alsatian question as a purely domestic one. There was great jubilation: what matter if Germany has annexed 10 million men, as long as France still has Joseph Rossé? Immediately he became a popular figure.

I am inclined to suspect, however, that the idea for this declaration was conceived outside of France: soon after Rossé, another autonomist named Fuchs wrote a similar letter to Chautemps, and by some strange train of events his letter was published in Mannheim before it was published in France. Besides, the 'loyal' Rossé is not at all indignant at the activities of disloyal Bickler and Schall. As a matter of fact, he has time and again taken their part against the police.

And yet there are innumerable proofs of their connection with Germany. In the editorial office of the *Kurier* there sits a correspondent of the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*. The president of the Mulhausen branch of the U.P.R. was accused of receiving a large sum from Basel to finance the pro-German newspaper *Press*. One of the autonomist deputies was recently in Saarbrucken and applauded Hitler when the latter was threatening France.

I was told: 'We mustn't call the attention of the Germans to Bickler's

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activity and Rossé's unreliability.' Those naïve souls! The Germans know more about Bickler's and Rossé's work than either Strassburg officials or French police. It is ridiculous to hide from the author the fruit of his own labor. Of course, Hitler has comparatively few adherents in Alsace—but it is not the puny Luxembourg duchy but Hitler's Germany that backs them.

The pro-Hitlerites in Alsace are trying to utilize the economic difficulties under which this region is laboring today. There is a constant migration of capital because of the threat of war. The pact has been signed, but the capital did not come back. During an economic conference at Strassburg the following report was read: 'Nobody opens new concerns, while those that exist are closed, moved to the interior, or reduced.' One metallurgical factory has already been moved to Brittany and the automobile factory Matford is expected to move to the interior of France.

III

The Hitlerites like to talk about economic conditions in Alsace. They never mention the fact, however, that those conditions are a direct result of the fortifications on the other side of the Rhine. Germany reluctantly buys the village products of Alsace. Of course, she needs Alsatian milk, butter and cheese, but it is more important for her to create poverty and disaffection among the Alsatian peasants.

After the Munich Pact, the German agitation has been carried on openly. Every day four to five thousand men cross the bridge connecting Kehl with Strassburg and a majority of them bring German propaganda with them.

Meanwhile, a strong anti-Semitic campaign is under way. I saw in Strassburg anti-Semitic hand-outs which tried to achieve a greater effect by being written in 'folksy' German dialect. This, by the way, showed their origin, because they were written in a dialect which no one in Alsace understands. Anti-Semitism has no real social roots in Alsace inasmuch as there are only 15,000 Jews, who occupy a third rank in industry. But the agitators say: 'The Jews are the ones who wanted war because that is where they make their profits.' In Strassburg there are two papers specially devoted to anti-Semitic propaganda. They are subsidized by German money and reprint articles from the German press. Their activity is largely supplemented by the autonomist press, which is now also engaged in a strong anti-Semitic campaign, publishing lists of 'pure Aryan' stores and demanding the restrictions of the number of Jews in business.

At the same time, a defeatist campaign has also been launched. The secessionist newspapers are constantly comparing Germany's power with the weakness of 'Jewish Masonic France.' Once I dropped into a tavern called Dicke Maria, which is a gathering-place for autonomists. One of them was saying, to everybody's applause: 'France needs two weeks to organize a cabinet, while Hitler annexed Austria in a day.'

The ostriches (and I don't mean birds but people and, especially, Radical deputies) are rejoicing. 'Hitler has renounced Alsace-Lorraine.' They have forgotten Hitler's erstwhile touching renunciation of Austria and Sudetenland. And if it is the real thing this time, why is there still in Frankfurt

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the Elsass-Lothringen Institute whose function is to prepare propaganda for outside consumption? Why does Berlin continue to distribute the inflammatory *Elsass-Lothringen Heimatstimmen?* Why do they send to Alsace 200,000 various papers and periodicals every day? And who is paying for the *Strassburger Monatshefte*, the *Freie Volk*, *Elz* and other pro-German journals? If Hitler really does not want Alsace, why are gentlemen like Bickler, Schall and Rossé working so feverishly?

In Alsace-Lorraine, French Nationalists are publishing their own papers, *D'Alsace et de Lorraine*, *Messen*, *La France d'Est*, *l'Exprès*. But one does not find them demanding severe measures against the autonomists. Not at all. The measures they demand are directed against the Communists, who are constantly exposing the latter. Whom does the Alsatian bourgeoisie consider its greatest enemy? Hitler? Not at all. The forty-hour-week. I have met people here who spoke indulgently of Bickler's conspiracy and lost their temper at the mere mention of the Popular Front.

I am asked: 'Will you write that all is quiet in Alsace?' Yes, it is quiet in Alsace. The Hitlerites are doing their work, honest people preserve a gloomy silence and French patriots smile bashfully. After all, they have to get accustomed to a lot, after the Munich Pact.

II. Switzerland Pays Lip-Service

By H. F. Lütly

Translated from the *Zukunft*, Paris German Émigré Weekly

THE advent of the Third Reich has placed Switzerland, particularly German-speaking Switzerland, in an odd position which has yet to be wholly clarified. Heretofore Switzerland had always maintained close ties with German cultural life. In fact, prior to the rise of the National Socialist movement, there seemed to be no frontier.

However, since March, 1933, the situation in Switzerland has undergone a profound change. In Berlin there came into existence the Reich Chamber of Culture which, with an amazing degree of efficiency, not only classified and regulated the intellectual and cultural activities within the Reich, but also claimed jurisdiction over the entire pan-German intellectual life. Not only was the literature and press within Germany subjected to control and censorship, but all foreign books and periodicals were, without exception, placed under regulations. Swiss publishers found themselves faced with the unpleasant alternative of either holding fast to the ideals of intellectual freedom and thereby losing their very large audience in Germany, or subjecting themselves to the humiliating yoke of the severe political and racial restrictions imposed by the German Chamber of Culture.

It cannot be said that any considerable number of Swiss publishers has shown courage in this conflict. Swiss authors are too often confronted by their publishers with the question of

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how they stand with the German Chamber of Culture. And if they are not on good terms with the Berlin headquarters their books stand a correspondingly poor chance in Switzerland. Swiss authors who do not conform and pay tribute to the Blood-and-Soil ideals thus have little chance of speaking their minds.

With regard to the theater the situation is still more discouraging. There are five large municipal theaters in German-speaking Switzerland today, in which the majority of administrative posts are held by Swiss people. When Swiss plays are given, however, they are invariably a Swiss variety of the Blood-and-Soil theme, while plays are rare which portray any aspect of the present-day struggle arising from the close proximity of dictatorships and democracies. There prevails a fear of touching political sore-spots, that is to say, of dealing with any of the subjects with which liberals nowadays concern themselves. Not long ago, the Berne publishing house of Müller und Schade addressed a circular to German publishers and authors stating that it was in the good graces of the German Legation in Switzerland, and that it was about to aryanize its theatrical agency in Switzerland. We should like to believe that this publishing house was badly mistaken when it asserted that Swiss theater directors looked upon its efforts at aryanization with satisfaction.

Those who would learn the political views of the average Swiss would do well to visit one of the two Swiss cabarets where the racial myth and the official artistic achievements of the Third Reich are attacked with pointed humor.

In Switzerland there is no lack of voices proclaiming the necessity of maintaining 'intellectual neutrality,' meaning that Switzerland should cultivate her own intellectual garden, and, for her own peace and comfort, ignore the profound ideological changes around her. And while the Reich is granted the right, because of the common German language, to concern itself actively with the affairs of subjects of another sovereign State—even to the extent of employing armed force—still the Swiss are to be denied the privilege of concerning themselves even with such matters as the treatment of defenseless prisoners in concentration camps, or the conflict between the State and the Church. Should at any time this idea of 'intellectual neutrality' determine Switzerland's attitude, the country's intellectual independence would be lost; for the moral and intellectual justification for Switzerland's existence lies not so much in the fact that there are within its geographical boundaries some important Alpine passes, but that it represents today one of the rare and important islands where a free people is able to follow its own conscience and express its thoughts freely. In a world which has elevated the belief in force to a religion, Switzerland represents a spiritual refuge in which people who cherish different opinions are not yet branded, dishonored, robbed and killed.

II

Naturally the newspapers which used the slogan of 'total neutrality' as their battle cry are under German influence. One newly formed weekly of this kind even succeeds in jeering, in the style of the German *Stürmer*, at

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the Jewish emigrants who have fled to Switzerland. To the honor of the Swiss people it must be said that such propaganda attempts in the German style do not find an audience here, and that the large sums spent in attempts to influence the Swiss people in a pan-German sense are wasted. Nothing is more remote from the sober Swiss than the obtrusive tirades, the pan-German propaganda and the constant derision of opponents by German newspapers. Nothing has created more sympathetic feeling toward the Czechs among the Swiss people than the continuous jeering and the irresponsible insults suffered by Benes over the German radio. As a matter of fact, it can be said that listening to the systematic campaigns of abuse that were being poured out by the German broadcasting stations was the best cure for those Swiss who were inclined to give credit to the new German régime for its flawless organization and its anti-Bolshevist attitude.

The Swiss bourgeoisie which, in the beginning, fearing for its property, was not unfavorably inclined toward the fight against the Socialists and the trade unions in Germany, has today lost its sympathy for the German régime, especially because of the struggle between State and Church. There is in these circles no more popular figure than Martin Niemöller, the Protestant pastor. That it did not take the German threat of force against Czechoslovakia to awaken Switzerland is proved not only by the united opposition of young Catholics, liberals and Socialists against the appearance of Leonhardt, the head of the *Volksbund*, which is flirting with the Nazis, but also by the determined opposition to the inundation of German propaganda. Unfortunately, these same people who are immune to German newspaper propaganda fall victim to the visual temptations of the various German illustrated papers. It seems unfortunate that in Switzerland there are no similar magazines of democratic persuasion which could effectively compete with Nazi propaganda. On the whole, however, the tenacious German attempts to propagate a spiritual pan-German idea in Switzerland may be said to have failed so far.

The tragic example of the German-Czech conflict must necessarily be a warning lesson to Switzerland. Here it could observe how the idea of a cultural community with the German Reich was transformed overnight into an aggressive pan-German project. Here it could learn how any self-defense is made impossible as soon as the Pan-German Mittel-Europa tendency is given the slightest leeway. If a group of those who sympathize with the German racial delusion, the German methods of violence, are permitted to organize, then we may soon see the Third Reich taking over the rôle of protector over such a vanguard group in Switzerland.

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About the new and much-needed science of pacts; some secrets of a *barrio* housewife; and the story of vast, unsalvaged treasures in foundered ships.

Miscellany

I. A Lesson in Pactology

By Z. Rowe

From the *National Review*, London Independent Conservative Monthly

DR. I. C. THREW, Professor of Pactology at the University of Mars was about to deliver the opening lecture of the term. The Professor liked to impress his new students, and in his buttonhole he wore the highest Martian decoration, the soiled ribbon of the order of The Scrap of Paper, Dirtiest Class. He rustled his notes, adjusted his pince-nez, and began:—

'Pactology, gentlemen, is the science of pacts. Pacts are of two kinds: those that don't mean what they say and those that don't mean anything. The famous treaty which the mice made among themselves to bell the cat is probably the oldest, and the most typical, example of a meaningless pact. Those mice who lived at a safe distance from the cat saw no reason why they should do the belling; those who lived near the cat were too terrified to do it. So, despite the eloquent and moving appeals of the League of Mice Union, the scheme came to nothing. A mouse friend of mine, however, assures me that this great project is far from dead. It is still being considered by the Vice-Chairman's Sub-Committee of the Chairman's Sub-Committee of the Bell-the-Cat Committee of the Universal Rodents' Mutual Aid Council.

'I propose to devote this morning, however, to telling you about the Tiger Treaty, that remarkable pact which our neighbors, the Saturnians, concluded with the Tigers. The Tigers had escaped from the Saturnian zoo and demanded that unrestricted hunting rights be at once accorded them in all the children's playgrounds.

'The Saturnian leaders convened and exchanged the counsel of their accumulated wisdom on how to deal with the Tigers. For the sake of his-

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torical accuracy I must tell you that two or three unbalanced and insignificant individuals appeared possessed by the madcap notion that the best way to deal with escaped Tigers was to shoot them. These persons pointed out that although the Saturnians' rifles were antiquated in pattern and few in number, they would, nevertheless, prove adequate, always provided that the shooting were done quickly.

'I need hardly add to that that the very idea of shooting Tigers was unspeakably repellent to a humane and civilized nation like the Saturnians. The few degenerates who supported such a scheme were forced to quit the Council amid a storm of disapproval and no more was heard of it.

'Having disposed of this "lunatic fringe," we may now devote our attention to the methods by which the more serious and respectable elements among the Saturnians proposed to treat with the Tigers. Here the wise men differed among themselves. Old Mr. Sunshine, the benevolent veteran of the Saturnian Labor Party, was positive that if only a Tiger were petted and stroked like a tabby cat, it would be transformed into a tabby cat. So, without more ado, he set forth on a series of petting and stroking expeditions.

'Charles Augustus, Seventh Marquess of Muddleburgh, agreed with Mr. Sunshine in principle but differed from him somewhat on points of detail. Mr. Sunshine thought that proper treatment would bring out the tabby cat in every Tiger. Lord Muddleburgh thought that proper treatment would bring out the gentleman in every Tiger. He could not believe that the Almighty would permit a Tiger to remain a Tiger in the awful presence of a Seventh Marquess—and Marchioness. Some Tigers did become *habitués* of Muddleburgh House for a time and we are told that they behaved surprisingly well while there. The trouble was that they forgot themselves again as soon as they were outside His Lordship's threshold.

'The Eleventh Marquess of Lovaduqian went, as might have been expected, the Seventh Marquess of Muddleburgh four better. Lord Lovaduqian held the view that the Tigers had been very badly treated while in the zoo. He pointed out that they had been deprived of private bathrooms and that rather inferior hairdressers had been assigned to the Lady Tigers. He had been so moved by these feline sufferings that he had, for some time past, been strongly in favor of letting the Tigers out anyhow. He never wearied of repeating that free Tigers would become reconciled to their Saturnian neighbors. Consequently he applauded the escape of the beasts. It is true that he was, at first, a little taken aback by the nature of their demands, but this great man never lost his sublime faith in Tiger nature. "It is, indeed," he said, "unpleasant that they should want to eat children, but think of all that they have suffered. Let us bear with their innocent pranks for a little and I am sure that their appetite for infants will become sated and that they will settle down to a less extraordinary diet."

'That great and dignified organ of opinion, known to generations of Saturnians as *The Trembler*, devoted some interesting leaders and news reports to the crisis. Unfortunately, the people who wrote the editorials and the people who wrote the news seemed

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to be pursuing a bitter vendetta against each other. The news depicted the Tigers in so uniformly unfavorable a light that it usually caused them to roar with rage and they often destroyed all the copies of *The Trembler* that they could get their paws on. The editorials, on the other hand, never wearied of declaiming that there was absolutely no good reason why a compromise could not be arranged with those sweet creatures, the Tigers. The final editorial pleaded for a compromise based on the right of the Tigers to kill and eat anybody they liked, anywhere they liked, any time they liked. This compromise, said *The Trembler*, was eminently fair to all concerned, eaters and eaten, and would only involve a just restoration to the Tigers of the hunting grounds from which their prehistoric, dinosaurial ancestors had been expelled by the Saturnians' ancestors.

'The pugilistic "Pacifists" were violently opposed to *The Trembler's* proposal. You will particularly note, gentlemen, that the adjective "pugilistic" which I have applied to them is not less important than the substantive "pacifists" which they applied to themselves. The "Pacifists" really believed not in peace, but in disarmament, which is a very different matter. They insistently demanded strong action against the Tigers, but as they would have nothing to do with weapons of any kind, we must conclude that they wanted to fight the Tigers with bare fists. They were pugilists rather than pacifists.

'Our time is running out and some of you are doubtless impatient to hear what finally did come of the Tiger Treaty. That phase of the subject is not within my field of knowledge. I recommend those who are interested to a course in the School of Veterinary Medicine. "Effects of the Excessive Consumption of Saturnians upon the Digestive Tract of the Tiger." That will be all for today.'

II. Philippine Kitchen Taboos

By Maximo Ramos

From the *Philippine Magazine*, Independent English-Language Monthly

I HAVE gathered some of the magic practices relating to the *barrio* [village] kitchen and dining room—which are one and the same thing in the *barrio* home—and here they are:—

In preparing for the table articles of food which in their raw state are itchy to the touch, such as *taro*, the *barrio* housewife pretends not to notice the sensation. If she remarked on it, she believes that cooking would not rid the food of this undesirable characteristic. When a pig, or goat has been butchered, before anyone tastes the meat, she throws out of the window portions of some of the choicest parts for the spirits to eat, saying, 'Come on now, come on now,' to them. If one neglects to give the spirits their due share and just goes ahead and eats, one would be sure to incur a stomach disorder or even acquire a harelip. The housewife never slaps meat, for meat that has been slapped is sure to get its revenge by giving the eater a stomach-ache.

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If upon opening a coconut, she finds the shell only partially covered with meat or containing but little milk, she throws it all away—to avoid complete baldness! She never treads upon grain, such as rice, for she knows that if she did, the nourishing value of the grain thus insulted, would go away, and the soles of her feet would break open in places. When she has killed a big fish, she pastes its largest fins on a post, as this will enable her husband or the other men-folk in the family to catch another fish as big.

The woman of the house does not sing or lie down near the stove; if she did, and were unfortunately widowed, she would get a very old man for her second husband, and if she were still a maiden, she would be forced to wed some harelipped old widower.

She is careful not to throw water out of the window without first saying, 'Go away, go away!' as she is likely to wet an evil spirit, who would be quick to punish her by giving her a wry mouth. She is even more careful if the water is hot, because she might get a fever, go blind, or die, depending on the extent of harm the hot water inflicts on the spirit.

In feeding the stove, she puts in the bigger end of the piece of firewood first, for if she does it the other way, her children will always be born wrong end first, which is not very comfortable. She does not use *bojo*, a kind of slender bamboo reed, for firewood, for this would make the centipedes in the roof drop down at night, as would also happen if she swept the floor after supper with a broom of coconut midribs; nor does she use rattan, as a rattan fire would make the cooking utensil more fragile; nor yet the parts of an old house ladder, as that would cause her father, husband, or brothers to turn killers.

If, while cooking, she finds sparks on the black bottom of the pot, she is sure that plenty of fish is coming into her kitchen—or else unwelcome visitors to her home! When the rice in a new rice pot is about to boil over, she 'frightens' it by saying, 'Gwah!' so that the pot will always cook quickly. When emptying it of its contents, she neither inverts it over a plate, nor joggles it, nor puts her hand into it, but uses a ladle or paddle so that the new pot will always bring luck. And she leaves a little food in the pot so that the family will never run short of the food cooked in it. After the pot has been used several times, however, she may empty it in any way she likes.

If the rice a housewife is cooking becomes dry but is still too hard, she remedies that by sprinkling a little salt on the fuel, on the surface of the rice in the pot, or on the pot-lid. She never throws away salt, for if she did, she knows that when she dies, her eyes will remain wide-open despite all her sorrowing family will be able to do.

She is careful about the strength of the paddle she is using, for should it accidentally break when she is stirring the rice with it, she would meet with a misfortune the next time she goes out of the house. Nor must it be used to hit anybody, for the person hit with it would get a very ugly face in a short time or go crazy, and when he died, his face would turn black!

II

There should be the same number of people on both sides of the dining table. If they are careless in this respect, then the next time they ride in a

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boat, it will surely capsize. Should a house-lizard call out when the family starts eating, they must pause, else bones will get stuck in their throats. If this happens, the *barrio* housewife quickly gets the food that is scattered on the table, places a bone on top of the head of the patient, turns a plate around left and right three times and goes to call for a person who was born feet first, who has but to touch the affected throat to dislodge the bone.

If the food that she is in the process of conveying to her mouth accidentally drops, she throws it out of the window, for that is a sign that an evil spirit is envying her for it and would cause her harm if he is not satisfied.

Though it is a rare occurrence, it sometimes happens that a person in the house has to go out while the household is at table. So that the nourishment in the food will not go out with him—and so that the unmarried young men and women who are eating will not be so accursed as to remain unmarried throughout their lives—the family turns around every food receptacle on the table!

A child should not eat rice crust from the rice pot, as this would make him lazy and grow old too soon. Instead, he should be made to eat the head of a chicken so he will be an early riser, like the cock that crows so early at dawn; or the pig's tail so he will be an industrious person—always on the move, like the pig's tail itself.

A housewife may be sure that others are exchanging gossip about her if at table she accidentally bites her lips or tongue; but if she chokes while drinking, she knows that someone is longingly thinking of her.

Dealers in china should be glad that the *barrio* people are superstitious: if they break a dish by accident, they break another dish to 'make it a pair,' for if this is not done, a member of the family will presently die, to serve as a partner to the broken dish.

While a young man or woman is still eating, those who finish before him or her should not stack or put away their plates, as for them to do so would prevent the young laggard from getting married—a thing that is regarded as a calamitous thing in the Philippines, as, indeed, it is everywhere else.

III. Treasures at the Bottom of the Sea

By R. L. Hadfield

From *Answers*, British National Weekly

ALTHOUGH the attempt to salvage the treasure from the wrecked *Lutine* with the aid of a dredger normally used for tin-mining has been abandoned, it did show that unconventional methods of salvage at sea may succeed.

Apart from my own connection with the ordinary salvage of sunken and wrecked ships, the raising of a bar of gold from the *Lutine* interests me personally, for some ten years ago I was approached by a syndicate that proposed to use a special type of diving-dress, which has since proved very successful elsewhere. My opinion at the time was that divers might not be able to work in the sands of the Zuider

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Zee, and that some mechanical means would be more suitable for the job.

In every sea, in every corner of the world, lie vast treasures in the holds of strong-rooms of sunken ships. They await the diver armed with the latest equipment invented by science or the salvor who adapts existing machinery to his own requirements.

A treasure wreck chart of the world reveals the fact that the wealth in jewels and gold awaiting recovery amounts to scores of millions. Considering the great successes which have been achieved during recent years, it is not surprising that divers and salvors are turning their attention to many of these wrecks.

There is, for instance, the fabulously rich treasure of the *Grosvenor*, sunk on the coast of Pondoland. The gold and jewels which she was carrying from India, including, it is said, the great Peacock Throne of the Moguls, were valued at a million sterling pounds, and only a few trinkets have so far been recovered.

Some years ago a friend of mine hit upon a novel method of approaching the *Grosvenor*, which lies in a cleft in the rock not far from the shore. He constructed a tunnel from the shore to a point beneath the wreck. Unfortunately, the distance from civilization and the grueling nature of the work brought the effort to an end when the tunnel was within a few feet of its objective.

Pieces of timber, coins and guns were recovered, and one cannot help feeling sure that a great part of the lost treasure will be found sooner or later. From what I know of the *Grosvenor*, the difficulty lies not so much in the actual salvage as in maintaining a camp and keeping it steadily supplied with necessaries at so remote a spot.

The ship *Golden Gate*, which was sunk after fire off Manzanillo, Mexico, with £315,552 on board, has given up about £200,000. Today, the suction-pump and the steel diving-suit could probably raise the rest without great difficulty.

Then there is the *Merida*, on which work is now proceeding. She is said to have carried 2 million dollars in gold, the jewels of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian and the rubies of the Empress Charlotte.

In Vigo Bay lies a Spanish plate fleet, with a vast fortune in its rotting holds. The total value is said to be £24,000,000. Perhaps that is an exaggeration, but if the £200,000 taken from one or two ships by Sir George Rooke when he attacked the fleet in 1702 is any criterion, the total should be enormous. The greater number of the ships were sunk by the Spaniards themselves.

Many attempts have been made to raise this treasure with old-fashioned gear, but so far the only man to profit has been a Scotsman. In 1825 he came to an understanding with the Spanish Government, but when he had raised a considerable sum the authorities demanded 90 per cent of it. This did not suit the Scotsman. He made the crew of the guardship drunk and set sail for the Channel with his treasure. Eventually, he reached Scotland with his gains and ended his days in comfort.

No more romantic waters than those of Table Bay could be chosen by the diver in his search for relics of ancient ships and treasures. Already divers have found there many interesting things—guns, equipment, coins, and Delft china from old Dutch ships.

Sunk in Table Bay are the *Waterloo*,

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America City, *Sceptre* and *Tantallon Castle*, and the divers have found the wreck of the 200-year-old brig *Haarlem*, which was lying under the steamer *Ryvengen*, sunk about forty-five years ago.

Britain's most famous treasure wreck is the Spanish galleon of *Tobermory*, blown up during her attempt to reach home after the dispersal of the Armada. She is said to contain a very great treasure. This is another ancient wreck with which I have had personal contact, and my own investigations convince me that stories of her vast wealth are greatly exaggerated.

A very romantic wreck is that of the *Dorothea Gerard*. Into her was placed about one-third of the treasure of Oom Paul Kruger, which the wily President was sending to Europe for safe-keeping. Unfortunately for him, the ship was wrecked on the coast of Zululand.

Several expeditions have tried to locate the treasure, but they have always failed through lack of the necessary gear. Interest in Kruger's treasure has revived of late, and several correspondents in South Africa have approached me on the subject. At least three times during the past twelve months maps have been sent to me from South Africa with requests for opinions and suggestions. While I would be more optimistic searching for the treasure of the *Dorothea Gerard* than that of the *Tobermory* galleon, the remoteness of the spot on the coast where she is said to lie forms, once again, the great obstacle.

Some Unsalved Treasures

Ship	*Where Lost*	*Treasure (in pounds)*
San Pedro	Off Cape San Antonio, South America	13,000,000
Royal Adelaide	Margate, England	300,000
Infanta	Bantry Bay, Ireland	4,500,000
Czarina	Flamborough Head, England	3,000,000
Hussar	New York, United States	1,000,000
Santa Cruz	Wales, England	1,000,000
Prince	Sebastopol	500,000
Royal Charter	Anglesey, England	800,000
Dalhousie	Beachy Head, England	100,000

Lights Out!

There are countless small sidelights on the Stygian darkness which has enveloped Tokyo during night air-raid alarm drills. Most, of course, will never be recorded and some, no doubt, are better untold. But the police recount a few which will give an idea. For instance, there was the problem of six tea-rooms whose waitresses coöperated thoroughly, even eagerly, with the lights out warnings. The police morals squad felt it necessary to admonish these waitresses not to be so zealous in their light control coöperation.

—the *Japan Advertiser*, Tokyo

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THE AMERICAN SCENE

THE Republican landslide in the November elections does not necessarily mean that the Presidency will be theirs in 1940. They enjoyed a similar victory in 1914, yet President Wilson returned to the White House in 1916, and the Democrats lost the elections in 1924 even though they had cut heavily into the Republican majority in Congress in 1922. What happened on the eighth of last month, however, definitely means the revival of the Republican Party as an organization, if not as a body of ideas. A political group having 23 members in the Senate, 170 in the House, and the Governorships of 18 states can make itself heard one way or another, especially when the gains represented by these figures—nearly 50 per cent in each category—were achieved more or less overnight. The Congressional opposition thus strengthened and lending its support to the considerable insurgency in the Democratic Party will undoubtedly impede the Roosevelt Administration in its forthcoming taxation, agricultural, railroad, pensions and reorganization programs. What character this impeding will take cannot be described at the moment, for the Republicans went through the last campaign without any clearly formulated philosophy. In the main they attacked the personalities of their opponents and grappled with minor, mostly local, issues.

They seemed to acquiesce in the wisdom of the major legislation of the New Deal, both in the Federal and state governments. Not one of them had anything truly damaging to say about the SEC, the WPA, the CCC, the AAA, or even the Wagner Labor Act, which for a time threatened to become an important issue. All that the Republicans, or the few who cared to discuss it, asked for was revision of the Act 'so as to make it more fair to employers,' but the Roosevelt administration had already indicated that it had revisionist ideas itself. As for the SEC, shortly after it began operating, the conservative organs blasted it for its 'unreasonableness and restraint upon initiative,' but the Whitney scandal took the wind out of these objections, and only the other day the New York Stock Exchange promised full support to the regulation of securities.

Whatever happens to the New Deal in the next two years, one thing seems clear. It has achieved a historic change in the instruments of American government, bringing it closer to the needs of the vast multitude while at the same time infusing business and industry with—or forcing upon them—a greater sense of responsibility to the communal welfare. If the Wagner Labor Act is the new Magna Charta of the workers of the nation, the SEC and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation have assured finance capital a more respectable life. The New Deal has performed these feats well within the capitalistic system and the democratic process of government. True enough, there has been a rather sharp centralization of functions in Federal agencies, which perhaps will have to be broken down

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sooner or later. Meanwhile impartial observers must admit that the New Deal probably had to resort to temporary centralization, for the evils it tried to do away with resulted from centralization under Republican administrations. A 'wrong' Federal set-up has to be fought with a 'right' Federal set-up, and the basic wisdom of the ideas behind the new set-up, to repeat, seems to be admitted by all.

THE detailed results of the election contain much of encouragement and discouragement to students of popular government. Wisconsin's refusal to give Philip LaFollette a fourth term as Governor probably marks the end of his fantastic National Progressive Party and removes him from the national scene in 1940. Governor Murphy's defeat in Michigan will give little satisfaction to liberals in whatever camp. He handled the sit-down strike with realistic intelligence, and subsequent events have proven that had he acted differently, there would have been unnecessary bloodshed. In Connecticut and California two new personalities have come to the fore. The Socialist McLevy made such deep dents in Governor Cross's following that he made possible the election of the Republican Baldwin. McLevy polled about 170,000 votes, an amazing number for so rock-ribbed conservative a commonwealth as Connecticut. His rise in popularity during the past fifteen years constitutes a major phenomenon in the politics of New England. Less burdened with Marxist theory than, say, Daniel Hoan of Milwaukee, he probably has a greater appeal to the masses, for he seems to understand their wishes better, and perhaps can be relied upon more. One thing to be thankful for in the election of Olson as Governor of California is his promise to pardon Mooney, thereby partially rectifying one of the worst travesties of justice in the history of the country. In Kansas and New York, the race issue, injected by forces obtaining at least part of their support from foreign sources, received a serious setback by the election of Ratner and the reëlection of Lehman respectively, both of them liberal Jews, to the gubernatorial mansion. Winrod and his American Nazis will probably not disgrace Kansas again for many years. Finally, a word about Senator Wagner's reëlection in New York. He has sponsored more progressive legislation in the past twelve years than any one of his colleagues, and his continuance in the Upper House for another six years should please citizens of all parties who doubt that Mr. Tom Girdler is the paragon of the 1938 American industrialist.

THE four most important liberal-radical parties which took part in the elections polled an aggregate vote of about ½ of 1 per cent, hardly enough to cause alarm in super-patriotic circles. The American Labor Party in New York obtained about 350,000 votes, out of a total of more than 4,500,000. The combined votes of the Communist, Socialist and Socialist Labor (Industrial Government) Parties came to approximately 100,000. In the rest of the nation the last three parties achieved so few votes that the computation of their percentages would require a new sort of political micrometer. The country may therefore consider itself in no immediate danger of a Moscow invasion.

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Viewed objectively, the most intelligent radical campaign was probably conducted by Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for Governor of New York. His speeches were calm, well-informed and to the point. He came out for the communal ownership 'of the great resources of our mineral wealth and all the commanding heights of industry and distribution,' under the rule of the traditional American democratic idea, and he took special pains to point out the pessimism in the Communist belief that the 'choice is either Fascism or Communism. To say that is a complete and unnecessary confession of defeat for democracy. The cruel, intolerant, absolute State, controlled by one party, under one dictator, is as much a fact of life in Russia as in Germany.'

The campaign of the Communist Party made so little philosophical or tactical sense this year that not much more remains to be said about it. The collapse of the United Front strategy and of the collective security dream has apparently paralyzed the Stalinists for the moment at least. The Socialist Labor Party, appearing on the voting machines as the Industrial Government Party, organized in 1876 and drawing its chief inspiration from the writings of Daniel De Leon, conducted its usual uncompromising campaign for 'real' industrial unionism as opposed to the CIO variety. It denounced the American Labor Party as 'corrupt' and John L. Lewis as 'an outstanding spokesman of capitalism.' This was strange news to the New York *Herald Tribune* as well as to many others. The Socialist Labor Party, however, despite its propensities to humor, must be given credit for integrity. Relevantly or irrelevantly, it sticks to the principles laid down for it more than fifty years ago.

THE recent uproar over the Orson Welles super-realistic portrayal of the Martians' invasion of New Jersey only confirmed melodramatically a fact that cold statistics had shown long before, namely, that the majority of the American people continue to fear our participation in any foreign war. This opposition was evident as far back as 1917, when the rate of volunteering was so low that the draft had to be resorted to. Even then the number of strange exemptions and desertions reached an uncomfortable proportion. It seems likely that propaganda had as much to do with our final patriotic fervor as the genuine wishes of the populace.

Events in Europe since 1917, especially during the past five years, have only strengthened the popular feeling in the matter of war. The nation has been impressed over and over again with the repulsive nature of the conflicting idealisms, whether democratic or Fascist, on the Continent. The dismemberment of Czechoslovakia brought the messy character of it all into high relief. No wonder, then, that the sentiment behind the Ludlow Amendment—calling for a national vote on all declarations of war, except in cases of outright invasion—has persisted. The last survey of the national feeling on this subject, conducted a few weeks ago by the American Institute of Public Opinion, showed that 68 per cent of our people favored the amendment. Politics was not involved, for Democrats voted 69 per cent in favor, while Republicans voted 63 per cent in favor.

The Ludlow Amendment lost in the

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last Congress by a very small margin, despite the objections of President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull. Very likely it will come up again in the new Congress, which meets in January, and unless all indications fail, it will make at least as good a showing. If Messrs. Chamberlain and Daladier continue practicing the brand of idealism they displayed in Munich, the American people will be justified in wanting to have a direct say as to whether or not they should duplicate their now discredited action of April 7, 1917.

THE danger of totalitarianism making inroads here must not be minimized; nevertheless certain occurrences during the past few weeks have offered encouragement to friends of decency and democracy. First, American Nazis have met increasing difficulties all over the nation—in Union City, N. J., in Brooklyn, N. Y., in Syracuse, N. Y., in Oakland, Cal. In Syracuse members of the local post of the American Legion did much to purge their organization of the recent charges made against it as largely Fascist, while in Oakland the respectable German Pioneer House openly and loudly disclaimed any association with the German-American Bund. Second, the Federal District Court in Jersey City permanently enjoined Mayor Hague from interfering in any way with the Constitutional rights of free assembly, free speech, and free press, thereby delivering a serious blow to his dictatorial pretensions. Third, the Catholic Church, at the annual Red Mass of the Catholic Lawyers Guild, came out strongly against the race theories of Hitler and Mussolini. The Very Reverend Robert I. Gannon, president of Fordham University, said that Aryanism 'seems to imply that whenever one race is admitted by its members to be essentially supreme, other races are not only to be despised but persecuted and annihilated. From which we gather that the new "racism" is in practice very little higher than the jungle.'

This pronouncement would have been much more impressive had it been made in 1933 when Hitler was made Chancellor of the Reich. Delay in matters of principle always makes men of good will suspicious of the motives of new idealists. Still, the American Catholic Church's stand, even at this late date, has value, if only as a deterrent to the horrendous anthropological principles of authoritarianism.

—C. A.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Decline of the Exotic

By Marcel Thiebaut

Translated from *Époque*, Paris

THERE are more meanings in a word sometimes than the Académie Française can express in twenty sessions. So it is with the word 'exotic,' which theoretically merely means 'foreign,' but to which the most varied implications have been added. Etymologically speaking, Spain is for France an exotic country—as it well may have been in the time of stage coaches. Whatever man has gained in the realm of speed, he has lost in that of imagination. When one re-reads Loti, it occurs to one that at the end of the nineteenth century the 'exotic' lands were the ones in which the traveler had the feeling of having entered another century; it was implied that the voyage in space was duplicated by a corresponding voyage in time. Loti, in Damas, was transported to the Renaissance. Ispahan brought back to him the Middle Ages and a few miles from Papeete he plunged into the pre-Christian era. Fifty years ago a traveler could persuade himself that by visiting a certain spot he could actually escape from his own times, and this conviction made him lyrical.

Today, however, such a voyage in time has become impossible. There is not a corner of the earth upon which the mark of the modern times has not been stamped. Everywhere you will find the gasoline pump, the radio and the photograph of Greta Garbo. There are other reasons for the decline of the exotic. A voyage in time was to a certain extent made possible by the duration of the voyage in space. Joys of exoticism could only be tasted after a long trip. Ninety days were necessary before one reached the land of Paul and Virginia. And before you got to Dakar you had to pass through so many hours of seasickness before you really appreciated the *Roman d'un spahi*. But today airplanes take you to Dakar in some thirty hours. How can one become imbued with mystery during one night?

Another of the implications of exoticism (what a portfolio of a word) was the confused feeling of different customs, of a civilization entirely foreign to ours and much more ancient, which still continued to lead a noble but languishing existence. Today, at Eyoub, Loti—who no longer would have either the right or the inclination to wear a fez, for he would be the only one to do so—instead of inhaling the 'nostalgic' air of Islam, would hear on every street corner the recitation of a multiplication table and praises of an entirely unexotic and modern dictator. At Kobe, or at Nikko, he will still, perhaps, find geishas, but he will also find factories and soldiers with machine guns. In China, the mandarins are dead and a student of Montparnasse is king. Ancient civilizations that still held their own in the nineteenth century are everywhere disappearing, and together with them the sensation of strangeness that they produced on the traveler in Loti's times.

Exoticism also implied the unknown. Well, that is over with, or at least so we believe. Unknown lands exercise a strange poetic charm and there is a strong and old alliance between mystery and poetry. Today, this alliance is moribund. A gentleman who lives surrounded by photographs of Tahiti, listening to Tahitian records, seeing pictures about Tahiti and every once in a while looking up the price of living in Tahiti will not be tempted to invest the Island of Rarahu with any mystery. For the modern man is spoiled. The whole universe is collected for him around his armchair. He knows every-

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thing, though he has seen nothing. He has on his night table the embalmed heads of Indians and in the drawer of his desk a schedule of Colombian buses, and as a result, the prestige of traveling is dead.

Another illusion has died unnoticed: fifty years ago, in novels of the period, a man who traveled a lot was considered an irresistible lover. It was believed that he had learned certain things during his travels. Today, if some Don Juan, even without a mustache, would whisper tenderly to a lady after the lobster: 'I have traveled around the world,' his fair neighbor would probably answer with considerable boredom: 'What were you selling?'

We have read so many travel books and reportage that we feel that we have been everywhere. Our curiosity is exhausted. After the travel books by European explorers began to sound repetitious, we turned to the writings of the natives. These delivered the last blow to our longing for the exotic. We ourselves, in our misapprehension, have created the mirage of exoticism. The native writer works under no such misapprehension. Loti thought that the Moslem dreamed about the spiritual treasures of the Islamic faith; but Adés told us that the Moslem thinks mostly of his breakfast. Loti, at the sight of Hindu houses, felt his spirit drawn into the infinite. Tagore speaks of them, without any exaltation, as simply houses. Segalen's Chinese enjoyed imperial prestige, but that of Pearl Buck resembles our own peasants; and an investigation into a Negro witch doctor's psychology would reveal a remarkable likeness to that of the gamblers on the Boulevard Sebastopol.

Mystery is dead, shot down in cold blood by the camera, because it was not a natural product of the Indies or the Antilles, but an artificial emotion, which plunged the European soul into a dreamy, unreal world at the mere sight of the names. This emotion, which is responsible for the most superficial aspects of the travel-literature, is now a stranger to us, and in order to recapture it, we must come back to the writers now dead. This may be deplored, but does not necessarily mean the doom of poetry. If it is true that mystery is the necessary concomitant of poetry, then the poets will probably manage to find it nearer home.

Character and Gift

By W. J. Turner

From the *Listener*, London

THE old saying 'every question has two sides' reflects that dualism which is inherent in all things and seems to be a fundamental character of the universe. This is strikingly illustrated by the attitude taken by artists and critics to the problem of estimating the importance in a work of art of the artist's character and personality. There have always been two schools of thought on this subject. I shall define them in present-day phraseology as: (1) the art for art's sake school (2) the anti-escapist school.

In every human society we find the two tendencies at work. There are those who appear to believe that the world of art is an independent and enclosed world sufficient to itself with its own laws and that the artist himself is not subject to the same social rules or code of morals to which ordinary members of society must submit. Opposing this point of view are those who maintain that it is the business of the artist to be in and of the world and to say what he thinks about it in his work. If they do not find in his work his opinions on the day-to-day affairs which concern them they describe him as an 'Escapist,' a dweller in an ivory tower apart from humanity and one for whom ordinary human beings can have as little interest as he has for them.

There is truth in both these points of view. In practice it is entirely a question of degree and the first step we must take in understanding the problem is that of recognizing that the artist himself is

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always a microcosm in which we may find more or less of a corresponding macrocosm, the world. We may, indeed, roughly divide all artists into two classes provided we recognize that the dividing line between them is not necessarily halfway but is a wavering one wandering apparently capriciously between the opposing poles. These two classes are the major and the minor artist. Now, what is the great distinction between them? In my opinion it cannot be stated—as the average layman would perhaps be inclined to imagine—in the degree of the specific gift isolated as a talent. You cannot separate the talent from the other qualities of a human being. Even if you take an extremely minor talent such as conjuring, it is clear that a mere natural gift of legerdemain, or prestidigitation, does not in itself make the greatest conjurer; other qualities such as patience, perseverance in practice and development of the natural gift play an important part; even sobriety, temperance, disposition, stamina and health all have their particular influence. But if a minor talent such as conjuring demands qualities of character as well as gift to bring it to its fulfillment, this is still more so with a major talent such as that of an artist—whether his sphere of art be music, literature or painting.

For what is the real nature of an artist's activity? I would say it is nothing more or less than that of creating the world over again in microcosm for the apprehension of men.

It is, indeed, a very strange and impressive fact that the greater the gift, the greater the nature of the man also. This may not be true in the minor arts but it certainly seems to be true in the major ones. For example, a very great gift seems to carry with it an intense seriousness and capacity to work and a correspondingly great ambition. The most gifted artist is always the most ambitious artist. I know of no exception to this. One might think that such a prodigy of nature as Mozart, to whom music came more easily than walking to an ordinary child, would not have needed to work as hard at his music as a less gifted musician, such as, say, the average *conservatoire* student. But all the evidence shows that Mozart worked much harder than the average and was driven by his gift to work harder.

Perhaps this can be put in a more convincing way. The particular artistic gift is itself a complex and not a simple thing. For example, one may have absolute pitch in music and therefore be able to say at once what key and what note is being played, without being a great musician. In fact so many factors and qualities enter into what seems to be the purely musical gift that it is hard to say where the purely musical qualities end and where the human ones begin. They are all interrelated. An artist's general sensibility enters into his art just as his general intellectual powers do. His experience of life is also a factor, finally.

HOW is it that mankind has generally admitted a certain latitude of conduct and freedom of expression to the artist even in times when, for social reasons, discipline has been most strict and ideas of morality most rigid? It is this fact that has given support to the idea that the artist's work is independent of his character as a man. The Freudian theories of the unconscious have also reinforced this notion. If a man has no control over his subconsciousness and if all works of art originate in the subconscious, then it might seem that the character of an artist is relatively unimportant. There is a certain truth in this, but I think it could be better and more clearly expressed. First of all we must distinguish between nature and character. One's nature belongs to the subconscious, one's character is what has become conscious. No man can have a character different from his nature; he can only become more aware of his nature. Now, rules and codes of conduct or morality are the conscious expression of other people's nature. If the artist accepts them and

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expresses them, then, indeed, he is no artist, no creator but a mere imitator. Hence the stress that has always been put upon the value of the individuality of the artist and the necessity for his freedom from convention. But this does not mean that his nature and character have no connection with his work—just the contrary!

Nor does it mean that his nature and character are quite lawless and unrelated to that of other human beings. If his work were purely individual and arbitrary, if it were not subject to any laws (and we must remember that laws are only the expression of the relationship between things!), then what he achieved in his works of art would be strictly accidental, unimportant, indeed, meaningless. It is because just the opposite is true—namely, that his value lies in expressing his own nature, and thereby revealing profound and hidden truths about the universe and about all of us. So once again we can see from this that the nature and character of the artist are of the utmost importance and are what give the real significance to his work. There is no such thing as an artistic gift or faculty just operating in the void, unrelated to human personality or the universe. If there were it would have no sense.

I would go so far as to say that a superficial nature could only produce superficial music and that, in the end, all artistic values are human values. But not necessarily *current human values*, still less *popular human values*. The idea that we expect from the artist a message is a perfectly correct one. But it is not at all likely to be the sort of message that we expect. If it were, then obviously we should not need a specially gifted man to reveal it to us.

Can we conceive that the values expressed in works of art should flatly contradict or fly in the face of the values that we find in life? But every age has a tendency to overemphasize some values at the expense of others, and so we may find the artist in apparent hostility to the most accepted and highly respected values of his time. This will cause the Philistine to condemn him as a scoundrel and make some impatient artists declare that they believe in art for art's sake, suggesting that there is some root antagonism between human and artistic values. They are correct in turning their back on the apparent values of the world, but they are wrong in thinking that these apparent values of the world are the world's real values. The real values of life and of art are fundamentally the same.

Hero Worship in Soviet Music

A NATURAL phenomenon in a totalitarian country—and one, besides, whose people have always been prone to emotional extremes—the hero-worship cult in the Soviet Union is beginning to exercise an increasing influence on the Soviet arts. Few books are put out without the name of Stalin or lesser satellites being brought in. In the books dealing with contemporary life the traditional happy ending is no longer 'Boy Marries Girl' but 'Boy and Girl Go to Moscow to See Stalin.' In the other existing order of books, which deals with the Russian Civil War period, the author exerts himself to introduce such national figures as Voroshilov, Budyonny and—before his fall from grace—Bluecher in some new, personal, touching light, usually trying to make them attractively human by a skillful admixture of respectful humor. The galleries are full of photographic portraits of the great men. While no Soviet painter has as yet produced a monstrosity comparable to the well-known German picture whereon the Führer is depicted—sentimental stare, forelock, Charlie Chaplin mustache and all—in Saint George's armor, on a white horse, a similar tendency is seen in a picture by a Soviet painter, solemnly entitled *People's Commissar and Marshal of the Soviet Red Army, Klementii Efremovich Voroshilov on Skis*, whose one claim to glory was that

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it depicted just that with reverent photographic accuracy.

One of the minor heroes in the Soviet hierarchy is Miron Kirov, a former close collaborator of Stalin, whose assassination in 1934 invested him with a martyr's halo and made him a wonderful—and, above all, safe!—subject for a multitude of books and stories. A new and original idea—which shows the spreading influence of the hero-worship through all the art forms in the Soviet Union—is a symphony about Kirov, which is being written by the Soviet composer Vanno Muradeli. It will be, according to the composer himself, 'a musical summary of profound emotions and reflections of a Soviet citizen, full of love for that fiery tribune of the Revolution—Kirov.' Here is the program of the symphony:—

'First part. Kirov, the fighter, the tribune, the leader. The music of this part, written in the sonata form, in allegro movement, must show Kirov as a man fighting for humanity.

'Second part. The sorrow and wrath of the people against the assassins of Kirov. The melody that describes this changes into that depicting the radiant memories about the people's hero.

'Third part. Recollections. The image of Kirov is created in music.

'Fourth part. A short introduction again brings before the listeners Kirov's life and death. In a vision, he calls the people to a great struggle for Communism.'

The whole article, which appeared in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, is most interesting, revealing as it does, outside of the all-pervasive hero-worship, the tendency among the Soviet composers to look back to the composers of the nineteenth century and their unwillingness to seek newer forms of musical composition, perhaps more expressive of their time. After all, program music has gone out, to a great extent, with Berlioz and Richard Strauss. But there is always that definite attempt to nurse the masses along, forbearing to give them any stronger diet than intellectual pap.

Muradeli goes on: 'There are still people among us who tend to reject the melodic principle in symphonic music.' (This is a crack at Shostakovich whose attempt to create newer forms in music was officially disapproved.) 'I feel that a symphony should be written so that one could sing it from beginning to the end. . . . I consciously intend to write in one and not, let's say, twelve tonalities, for it seems to me that the polytonal music, which is characteristic of the bourgeois West, has lost the right to be called music. . . .'

The symphony is sure to be approved by the official circles that have condemned the more ambitious Shostakovich. It will be simple, melodic and it will deal with the one subject that is both safe and popular in the Soviet Union.

—L. C.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Healthy Humor

A parody of a German obituary notice, announcing the passing of Czechoslovakia, is published in the *Schwarze Korps*, the organ of Hitler's Black Guards. With heavy black border, it is printed according to the usual formula adopted by Germans in announcing the death of a relation, and is worded as follows:—

> In deepest grief and sorrow, the undersigned give notice of the final passing of their beloved child of care—Czechoslovakia. She died after long and intense pain on Saturday, October 1, 1938, following an operation for appendicitis, having received the spiritual comforts of the holy Comintern in Moscow and surrendering herself to the will of the Führer, at the age of twenty.
>
> The solemn burial was performed from October 1 to 10, 1938, by the German Army. The solemn requiem Mass for the repose of her soul will take place on October 28, 1938.
>
> Silent condolence is requested by Gottwald, Dimitrov, Syrovy—god-parents; the League of Nations—parents; Litvinov, Stalin—uncles.
>
> Undertakers—Beneš, Jaksch, and Co., late Masaryk.

Gottwald was the leader of the Communist party in Czechoslovakia, and Jaksch was the leader of the German Social Democrats. The notice, the *Schwarze Korps* declares, is now being distributed in the Sudeten areas, and the paper adds:—

'It is not scorn or malicious joy over a beaten foe which is expressed in the notice, but healthy political humor, which has after the days of suffering and terror in Sudeten Germany now found expression—a humor which can only thrive where one has no hate for the enemy of yesterday.

'What strange creatures we Germans are, that after victory we always let reconciliation follow and forget in humor the harm others have done us!'

Thus Spake Neville

All the old know what it is to be young and foolish; but none of the young know what it is to be old and wise.

—Mr. Neville Chamberlain

Conversation with a Child

The author, Joseph Roth, accompanied an Austrian refugee and his eight-year-old son to the Paris police prefecture. While the father was signing various papers, he had the following conversation with the child:—

'Do you know French?'

'I will soon. I am now in Paris for three months.'

'Do you want to stay here?'

'I don't know. I am too little to decide.'

'Why have you left Vienna?'

'Because of racial laws. My mother is Jewish. My father didn't divorce her because he loves her.' (After a long pause) 'This happens sometimes.'

'Did you ever see the Führer?'

'Yes.'

'Do you like him?'

'Are you perhaps a spy?'

'Of course not. I am here with your father.'

'A spy may do anything.'

'But I am not a spy!'

'Everyone in Vienna now says that he is not a spy.'

'What would you like to do?'

'Shoot.'

'Shoot whom?'

'The swine!'

'Where do you find them?'

'Everywhere. Perhaps you are one yourself.'

'Would you like to go to the circus?'

'No, this is no time for circuses.'

—*Vendredi*, Paris

Parliamentary Reporting

'Mr. Mander (Wolverhampton E., L.) after some abuse of the *Times*, said that . . .'

—*Times*, London

'Mr. Mander (Lib. Wolverhampton E.) said the rot started in the reference made in the *Times* suggesting territorial changes in Czechoslovakia.'—*Daily Telegraph*, London

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Ghosts Go Hungry

Chinese ghosts, due for their annual big meal in the seventh moon, will have to go hungry again because the Sino-Japanese war has not yet ended.

With the approach of the festival of propitiating the spirits of the dead, which, Chinese believe, are set free to roam for a month, Singapore Chinese are remembering the appeal to forego similar observances and save their money for the China Relief Fund.

—*Straits Budget*, Singapore

Ethnics?

The new Czechoslovak offer . . . was found to represent a notable advance, as it follows in general the *ethical* boundaries.

—*Times*, London

No Place under the Sun . . . .

In Zurich there are many travel bureaus. The other day I bought a ticket in one of them. Next to me stood a thoughtful young man—probably a non-Aryan, as he would be called in contemporary language. Slowly he turned around a globe, looking undecidedly at one country after the other. Then he said sadly to the young man behind the counter: 'Tell me, don't you have anything else?'

—*Neue Weltbühne*, Paris

Obviously

A press campaign is being waged, from the *Action Française* to the *Jour* . . . ' How do you think you are going to resist Germany? We haven't enough tanks, we haven't enough planes.'

It is apparently because we weren't ready that there wasn't a war.

'Rearm,' say the *Action Française* and the *Jour*.

Ridiculous.

If it's a fact that we have had the luck to escape our deaths because there wasn't everything there should be, there is one obvious solution.

Let us remain resolutely unready.

—*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

Spooks!

There was once a youngish man who wore a wig. The same streak of vanity which made him wish to conceal his premature baldness also led him, when staying in a very old Scottish castle, to boast that he was not afraid, not he, to sleep in the haunted room. His hostess reluctantly consigned him to it; and in due course he undressed, hung up his wig on a convenient candlestick, and went to bed.

In the middle of the night he awoke with a feeling of deathly terror. There were no clanking chains, or claptrap of that kind: he simply had an overpowering conviction that something horrible was about to take place in the room. He leaped out of bed, stumbled through the door into the adjacent bathroom, locked himself in and spent the rest of the night in the bath.

With the coming of daylight his vanity reasserted itself and he flung open the door. His bedroom was wholly undisturbed: but when he looked at the dressing-table he saw that his wig had turned white.

—*Times*, London

A Small Token of Gratitude

Upon the successful termination of Anglo-Italian negotiations, *Paris-Soir* will open a collection to give Neville Chamberlain a castle in Spain.

—Robert Tréno

Ladies With the Red Lamps

Prostitutes have been mobilized by Japanese authorities in a Shantung town to aid in the work of the Imperial Army, according to information received in Shanghai.

Cast in their rôle of 'peace-makers,' however, the prostitutes have failed to attract the stubborn farmers of Shantung, and so far as can be ascertained, the local 'Organization for the Maintenance of Peace and Order' is still stuck with the brothel which it promised by proclamation to set up to 'comfort the people.'

—*China Weekly Review*, Shanghai

The Importance of Being Jewish

The Fascist Grand Council has just decided that Italian Jews may no longer do military service, either in time of peace or in time of war.

Since this news became known, hundreds of thousands of Italians have rushed to the synagogues after having converted themselves to the Hebrew religion. A despatch from Burgos announces that 98 per cent of the Italian Volunteers have declared themselves to be Israelites. (Report to be treated with reserve).

—*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

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BOOKS ABROAD

Versailles

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PEACE TREATIES. Volume I. *By David Lloyd George. London: Gollancz. 1938.*

(Kingsley Martin in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

THE Versailles Peace was not the Carthaginian affair which many people have represented it to be. If General Foch and the French Right had had their way the Allies would have marched to Berlin, attempted to set up an independent territory under French protection on the right bank of the Rhine and imposed a vaster indemnity than the absurd one actually agreed upon. There are people who hold that there is something inherently evil in the German race and who wish that Foch had had his way. But how, one asks, would Foch's scheme have worked out? Unless the Peace had really been Carthaginian, unless, that is, the towns of Germany had been obliterated as Carthage was and the land ploughed up and sown with salt, it would not have been possible permanently to keep down by force the 60 million people of Germany. Some jingoes, I remember, at the end of the last war realized this and demanded that Hun babies should be starved so that there should be no further generation to plan revenge. As it was, we did starve the Germans quite a lot—deliberately for six months after the Armistice—the French did encircle Germany, take the Saar and invade the Ruhr, with psychological effects that we are all conscious of today. In fact the Peace was as severe as the practical men who made it thought possible, but not as severe as groups of madmen in England and France would have liked. It would have been more severe, as Mr. Lloyd George shows, if the Soviet Revolution had not produced a new element into the situation.

That Britain and France did not keep their promise to disarm Mr. Lloyd George rightly regards as the greatest tragedy of all. The final result was a muddle due to fear of resurgent Germany, fear of Bolshevism and a complete lack among the victorious Powers of the kind of vision which would have seen Europe as a suffering whole, needing not only political unity, but, even more, international economic reconstruction. The statesmen were the servants of interests and the representatives of a virulent nationalism which could not see so far. Conceptions of self-determination, strategical frontiers, Bolshevism and the rest dominated the Peace and the short-sighted psychology of victory dominated the years after the Peace. Instead of looking at Europe as a whole, thinking of the economic needs of peoples rather than the particular interests of States and trying to create a new international order, the statesmen could only fob off the large measure of idealism, still existing even at the end of the war, with a juridical League, which did not really unite anyone and which was used mainly as an instrument of French domination.

Mr. Lloyd George's interesting account of the Treaty-making would have been better if he had been able to look back on these twenty years with a more philosophical eye. In reviewing an earlier volume I said that if it were true that Mr. Lloyd George never made a mistake during the War, it would have been prudent for him to have invented one or two. In the same way in this book we have not so much a defense of Versailles—for he admits that it was a bad Treaty in many respects—as a defense of Mr. Lloyd George. How much wiser he would have been in discussing reparations if he had not been so determined to put all the blame elsewhere! He digs up a departmental memorandum by Professor Ashley and Mr.

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Keynes, who were asked as technical experts to assess Germany's capacity to pay. The experts included all sorts of respectable and responsible people—bank directors, economists and others who should have known better than to give way to their anti-German feelings in an expert memorandum. He tells us, and I believe him, that he was shocked by this outrageous document, but he does not tell us why in that case he appointed these very experts to the Reparations Commission in Paris. I do not doubt that Mr. Lloyd George's views were always more moderate and sensible than those of many of his advisers; I only regret that after twenty years, tragically wasted, he should still think it so important to demonstrate just how far he was right and everyone else was wrong.

On the subject of Russia Mr. Lloyd George was particularly sensible and realistic. He resisted Mr. Churchill's preposterous desire for a great war of intervention, and reminded his colleagues that if the Russian people preferred Bolshevism to Tsarism it was not our business to dictate to them, nor would intervention succeed. His second big stand for an intelligent Peace was made when the French wanted the permanent occupation of the right bank of the Rhine. He retired with General Smuts, Sir Henry Wilson, Sir Maurice Hankey and Mr. Philip Kerr to Fontainebleau to compose a considered reply to the French thesis. It is a fine document which begins as follows:—

> When nations are exhausted by wars in which they have put forth all their strength and which leave them tired, bleeding and broken, it is not difficult to patch up a peace that may last until the generation which experienced the horrors of the war has passed away. Pictures of heroism and triumph only tempt those who know nothing of the sufferings and terrors of war. It is therefore comparatively easy to patch up a peace which will last for thirty years. What is difficult, however, is to draw up a peace which will not provoke a fresh struggle when those who have had practical experience of what war means have passed away. . . .
>
> You may strip Germany of her colonies, reduce her armaments to a mere police force and her navy to that of a fifth-rate Power; all the same, in the end, if she feels that she has been unjustly treated in the peace of 1919 she will find means of exacting retribution from her conquerors. . . . To achieve redress our terms may be severe, they may be stern and even ruthless, but at the same time they can be so just that the country on which they are imposed will feel in its heart that it has no right to complain. But injustice, arrogance, displayed in the hour of triumph, will never be forgotten or forgiven.

After dealing with the new peril of a Bolshevik Germany, he insists that the Peace must be one that a responsible German Government can sign in the belief that it can fulfill the obligations it incurs, that it must not contain provocations for future wars and that the League must be a reality. 'To my mind it is idle to endeavor to impose a permanent limitation of armaments on Germany unless we are prepared to impose similar limitations on ourselves.' M. Clemenceau replied with the sarcastic references to Britain's readiness to take the colonies and the German fleet while she refused France the necessary steps for her protection. Mr. Lloyd George replied in kind; and in the end a compromise was reached.

In these controversies President Wilson, whom Mr. Lloyd George understood and liked, does not come out as a strong man. He was 'nobbled' by the Poles, unduly sensitive to criticism in the French press and, according to Mr. Lloyd George, induced to give way on an essential matter in exchange for a promise that press attacks would cease. He wasted his strength over the comparatively unimportant struggle over Fiume and showed a lack of negotiating skill in dealing with men as obstinate as himself.

THIS is a sobering book. Our present troubles, it is true, are only partly due to

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the Treaty of Versailles. Hitler uses its mistakes as an excuse and as a way of undermining resistance to actions which have nothing to do with Versailles. It is well to remember that the present Cabinet includes men who sent the famous telegram demanding 'no concessions'—a revolt which Mr. Lloyd George scotched with admirable skill. I think it would not be difficult to explain some aspects of recent policy by the guilt which has remained in the minds of some of those former Hun-haters. They gave way in the wrong place and may yet stand firm in the wrong place.

We have to remember that Fascism is an economic and social phenomenon which in some form would have arisen without Versailles, but also that without Versailles Hitler would not have succeeded in achieving the power he has in Germany. If we are to face the Nazi problem as intelligent beings and not as lunatics, we must be prepared to pay some of the price of our past mistakes and not assume that the price must always be paid by others. We must remember that the League and the collective security system were inadequate attempts to preserve the Peace, never supported among intelligent people as efforts to encircle or defeat Germany. They were the basis of an international order in which Hitler was invited to join on the understanding that it would give him an opportunity of finding a peaceful remedy for any grievance that Germany might feel. Today that system has been destroyed. We have to accept the fact of a Germany far greater and stronger than the Kaiser envisaged. I hope those who remember nothing of the War and of the circumstances of the Peace and who now talk as if a war with Germany were inevitable will read this book.

[*The American edition of* The Truth About the Peace Treaties, *by David Lloyd George, will be published in January by Little, Brown and Company.*]

Guilt and Innocence

America. *By Franz Kafka. Translated from the German by Edwin and Willa Muir. London: Routledge. 1938.*

(Stephen Spender in the *London Mercury*, London)

IN SAMUEL BUTLER'S books, the theme of a son revolting against his father is replaced in *Erewhon Revisited* by a vision of a harmonious relationship between a father and son. *America* bears somewhat the same relation to the rest of Kafka's works as Butler's *Erewhon Revisited* does to *Erewhon*. In spite of the disasters which pursue the hero, this is a book full of happiness, gilded in the last uncompleted chapter by a picture of reconciliation, in which Kafka intended that the hero would find 'a profession, a stand-by, even his old home and his parents.'

The theme of Kafka's books is not revolt against the father, as in Butler, but guilt. This guilt is immensely productive, because it makes the hero undertake journeys in which he sets out to discover, in a world full of apparent disorder, the evidence of a mysterious order by which he is judged to be guilty of some offence of which he knows nothing, and the divine nature of the judging power itself.

Another aspect of the theme of guilt is that the person who believes himself to be guilty of some unknown offence may do so precisely because he is exceptionally innocent. Worldly and vicious people are often insensitive to feelings of shame, while it is the innocent and child-like character, completely out of touch with the standards of the world, who is always accusing himself of some wrong which he has not committed, and who may, through his innocence, be always getting into trouble.

The story in *America* is of a boy, Karl Rossmann, who, having been seduced, without knowing properly what was happening to him, by a servant-girl, who afterwards has a child, is sent in disgrace

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to America to make good. The American scene is to Kafka simply an immense improvisation which he invents as he goes along. His idea of America, the American desk, New York, the American Hotel, etc., is pure farce expanded ironically from a few books about America which he had read. In this setting, Karl is robbed, exploited, bullied by unscrupulous employers, companions and scoundrels, and befriended by a few kind people; but he always disgraces himself, even in the eyes of the people who are well disposed toward him.

The comedy consists in the collision of two entirely different sets of values which seem to apply to the same world and which certainly use the same words, but which actually have nothing to do with each other. The question which stimulates Kafka in *America* to an unforgettable account of a judicial election could be paraphrased as: 'In what sense can a judge, who represents the interests of a particular system of society, be called just? And if he is not just, why do we have the idea of justice, and in what human shape do we consider it incarnate?' Kafka's attitude to life is that of someone who shakes a kaleidoscope expecting to see some form which expresses a moral idea with recognizable significance: each time the pattern is completely different, and yet it has a resemblance to the previous one in that it is a pattern which always withholds its significance.

Perhaps the moral of the book is contained in the scene in which Karl is informally tried by the staff of the hotel where he is employed, and monstrously exploited, as an elevator-boy. His crime is that of having been forced to allow a drunken scoundrel to rest for a few hours on his bed. Karl has, to all appearances, a very poor case to defend, and the hotel manageress and a girl, who are both on his side, are very glad to let him be sacked and then to help him afterwards. But in Karl's mind, the manageress, instead of cutting the proceedings short, ought to have been thinking 'this business isn't at all clear and needs a thorough investigation. And we'll proceed to make that now . . . for justice must be done.'

The innocence of Karl is that he takes life too seriously; he never comes into contact with the realities of life at all, because he is always looking beyond them, toward something else. This is, if you like, the book of a man who, because he takes life too seriously, is laughing at himself by describing his seriousness in terms of comedy. But finally the position of humor and seriousness, innocence and guilt comes to the same thing. When the hero of Kafka's novels is serious and guilty, he is faced by a terrible judge with an accusing finger; when he remains a child and is innocent and humorous, he enters the Nature Theater of Oklahoma, where he is reconciled to his parents, and where he finds his place in the order of his world. In Kafka's comedy of the human situation, we have passed from purgatory to paradise, but the hero is the same; his guilt and his innocence both lie in his belief that somewhere there are standards of justice by which human behavior is judged.

From Holy Russia to the Soviet Union

De la Sainte-Russie a L'U. R. S. S. *By Georges Friedmann. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1938.*

(Jacques Soustelle in *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris)

WHO, after any length of stay in Soviet Russia, while still contemplating his experiences, has not wanted to communicate to the world his admiration, his amazement, or his hatred? It is difficult, however, to find a really significant book. Friedmann's volume holds the reader because it is the result of a profound contact with Soviet realities, and yet it is innocent of pedantry. Besides, it treats of a provocative theme, as indicated in his

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title: the comparison of Tsarist Russia with the Soviet Union.

The world tends to forget that the U.S.S.R. was called Holy Russia only a short time ago. And one must thank Friedmann for projecting a new light, in one of his best chapters, upon that old earthy face of Holy Russia, a kind, lined countenance, marked with fear, drunkenness and simplicity of heart, features now completely obscured by the new face of the Komsomol. Only by remembering the enormous extent of the Russian land and the millions of *mujiks* that were bound to the dual empire of priest and vodka, can one realize what the Bolshevik yeast has set to fermenting. I only regret that Friedmann restricted himself to Russian peasants, not citing the primitive colonists of the Tsarist Empire, the Uzbeks, Bouriats, Tungus, *et al*, whose rapid integration into the U.S.S.R., by the development of their national cultures, is an astonishing phenomenon of the past twenty years.

It is easy to conceive how the psychological attitudes and customs of modern life went against the grain of the post-Revolutionary Russians. Whoever has lived in countries where the machine is unknown is aware that the concept of exact time is a recent acquisition, limited to certain areas on the globe. Rather than speak vaguely of the 'Russian soul,' it is more to the point to write of pre-Revolutionary work-habits, to understand the tendency to waste time, the liking for aimless discussion in the midst of an urgent task. Against this background one can better understand the profound significance of a slogan like 'mastering the technique.' With the Soviets it was a question of breaking down reflexes that belonged to medieval Russia.

By means of a thorough analysis of pedagogy, technical-training and work psychology in the U.S.S.R., Friedmann presents a vivid picture of this struggle to master technique. He describes the high technical and cultural standards that the industrial worker has achieved in recent years. Today there is an effort, unknown during the early revolutionary years, to synthesize general culture with technical ability. The concept of '*Udarnik*,' which sought only to promote greater output, is succeeded by Stakhanovism, in which there is greater emphasis on quality than quantity, as well as on organization and initiative. The emphasis shifts from the technique to the technician. The slogan 'technique decides everything' becomes 'cadres decide everything.' Now that the machine is a familiar object to the Soviet citizen, he is more interested in the men who work it. Friedmann shows the significance of the present movement toward quality, both in the product and the producer. But he does not disguise the danger: the premium on skilled labor, which brings in its wake a marked difference in salaries, in conditions of life and mass psychology.

Nor does he hesitate to express all the fears of the man who, attached to Socialism, is distrustful of everything that might compromise or retard its triumph. To understand the present state of the U.S.S.R., one must remember not only that it was once Holy Russia, but also that there is Fascism in Germany and Italy and that it has allies in the Far East. The present fate of the Soviet Union is to be, as it were, suspended between the old 'power-of-darkness' régime and the new nightmare of Fascism. Personifying as it does Socialism, Russia is the objective of an almost inevitable aggression. Hence the 'Communism of peace,' whose doctrine it is to delay the conflagration as long as possible. Hence its foreign policy must be to make pacts with Powers like France, who though non-Socialist, are also non-Fascist. Domestically, the Soviet régime must cultivate the class of the intellectual and technical élite, agitate for a higher birth rate, foster patriotism and the cult of Stalin. What seems certain to Friedmann is that the race now being run between Soviet Socialism and war

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will be won by the Russian people and its leaders. 'We are not speaking of paradise,' writes Friedmann, 'but something better than that—a gigantic effort on the earth to achieve happiness and culture . . . during an era when Big Business, behind the mask of Fascism, creates everywhere singularly skilful and cruel forms of oppression.'

For his clear-sighted treatment of the 'greatest effort since the French Revolution to prove that the worth of all men is not a mere word,' the author deserves great credit.

The Art of Propaganda

PROPAGANDA IN THE NEXT WAR. *By Sidney Rogerson. London: Bles. 1938.*
PROPAGANDA. *By R. S. Lambert. London: Nelson. 1938.*

(Herbert Sidebotham in the *Listener*, London)

THAT two books on propaganda should appear within a few days of each other must be accounted one of the minor portents of our age. But the two books have, in fact, very little in common. In its application to war, which is Mr. Rogerson's theme, propaganda is only a form of artillery fire, or perhaps one should say gas warfare, directed against men's minds instead of their lungs. Wars are never either won or lost except in the minds of those who fight them, and in so far as propaganda can contribute to convince either combatant that the war is lost or not worth continuing, it may be the humanest way to victory, and dirty as it usually is, it is less so than the mortification of a battlefield.

There is no more morality in such propaganda than in a projectile; the sole test is whether it succeeds. But its importance as a means to victory has often been exaggerated, notably by Germans who at one time were fond of blaming Lord Northcliffe's Ministry of Propaganda for their defeat in the War. Is not that like confusing the author and his publisher? Publication would have been unavailing if there had been nothing worth publishing, and any success that propaganda had then or ever could have was in bringing back past faults and mistakes to roost, and reminding Germans of facts which they could recognize as facts from their own experience. The best propaganda, in fact, is that which makes the other side think that he is doing his own thinking. Another condition of efficient propaganda in war is that it should aim at some specific policy. That makes it impossible to discuss propaganda in the next war in advance before the issues have formed.

Mr. Rogerson is a lively writer and often very shrewd in his judgments, but he does not persuade us to his principal constructive proposal which is that we should form a Ministry of Information now, which, when war comes, will be a ready-made Ministry of Propaganda. The usual trouble with democratic governments is that they are for the most part, until the crisis comes, too departmental and do not envisage policy as a whole. When they do that, the propaganda which consists in getting it over is easy enough; until they do, the suggested Ministry would be either useless or would make its own policy, which would be worse.

MR. LAMBERT'S treatment of his subject is much wider and has more philosophy. Propaganda is no new thing, but is the old rhetoric which Baldwin called the harlot of the arts; it aims at mass persuasion, and modern inventive science has placed at its disposal resources of power that the old rhetoric lacked. The increasing size of modern States and the admission to citizenship of what were once the old slave classes have further increased its power. The new propaganda is an attempt to gain greater consistency and power for the modern State by standardizing thought, but this process of artificial standardization, as Mr. Lambert sees from the first, not only made Hitler possible, but is irreconcilable, except as an emergency,

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with democratic principles. Milton was right in his *Areopagitica* when he wrote that 'all opinions, yea, errors known, read and collated, are of main service, and assistance towards the speedy attainment of what is truest.' Milton had no conception of what modern democracy would be like, but you could not have a sharper presentation of the antithesis between democracy and the standardization of thought by Government.

The real subject of Mr. Lambert's book is not so much propaganda in itself as the standardization of thought which it produces. He thinks that Hitler learned it from the British, making a political system out of what with us was the reaction of past tradition in the moment of danger. He pursues this standardization through various aspects of the post-War world—beginning with advertising and the newspaper press, continuing with the influence of the films and radio, education and forms of censorship, ending with a final chapter on antidotes.

Though Mr. Lambert prefers to analyze and describe tendencies rather than to praise or blame, it is obvious long before he reaches the end that he is much more deeply impressed by the dangers than by the advantages of propaganda. Philosophical as his treatment is, it is relieved by copious examples, and an occasional touch of humor as, for example, when he notes that 90 per cent of the huge business in cosmetics is due to the films. One can only hope that the almost complete brainlessness of most of the female characters in films is not equally infectious. He ends a very thoughtful book on a somewhat gloomy note when he sees the democracies entering on a propaganda race as a supplement to the race in armaments. Earlier in his book he quotes an American writer, Edward Bernays, as saying that 'the conscious and intellectual manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses is an important element in democratic society,' and that those who do this manipulating 'are an invisible government which is the true ruling power of our country.' Shades of Milton and his *Areopagitica!* The only comfort is that in a democratic as opposed to the totalitarian State, there will at any rate be rival 'manipulators.'

[Kingsley Martin is the editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*. Stephen Spender, reviewing Kafka's novel, is well known in this country as one of the most significant young contemporary poets. Jacques Soustelle is a French author and reviewer. Herbert Sidebotham, the author and former military and political correspondent of the London *Times*, now is a frequent contributor to the London *Daily Telegraph* and the *Sunday Times*.]

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

SCHOOL FOR BARBARIANS. *By Erika Mann. New York: Modern Age Books. 1938. 159 Pages. 50¢.*

NAZI GERMANY: ITS WOMEN AND FAMILY LIFE. *By Clifford Kirkpatrick. Indianapolis, New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1938. $3.00.*

IN A HIGHLY dramatic volume, Erika Mann, daughter of the famous Nobel Prize winner, Thomas Mann, paints a ghastly picture of education under the Nazi régime. If any further proof be needed that a momentous historical revolution has taken place in Germany, this book provides it. The fanatical and relentless regimentation of German youth, unparalleled in the history of civilization, is described boldly and meticulously by the representative of another Germany now in its death throes.

Incident piles upon incident in this 'blueprint of barbarism:' mothers tested and measured as brood-mares for the State; mothers praying for rain so that their children will be relieved of play with Nazi hooligans; German children reading pornographic literature in the *Stürmer;* young Nazis ordering fathers to get their young sons to military 'practice;' arithmetic classes based upon the load capacity of bombing planes; frail youngsters collapsing under heavy burdens on forced marches; anatomy demonstrations before classes with Jewish children as models.

Here is ample proof that German schools, once respected throughout the world for their thoroughness, progressiveness and responsibility, have degenerated into an unrecognizable pattern. It is evident that Nazi Germany has destroyed or undermined the family life and private life of Germans, the traditional German love of truth, science and objective thought, and the power of the Church. Hitler's dictum, 'Whoever has the youth has the future,' is accepted in the new Germany as gospel. In the successful drive to capture German youth, a whole generation of young Germans is being molded in the image of the Führer, a process that bodes ill for other peoples who hope to live in peace.

In a moving introduction, Thomas Mann summarizes Nazi education as a revolt against civilization: 'The issue is clear! It is a radical renunciation—ascetic in the worst sense of the word—of the claims of the mind and spirit; and in these words I include the conceptions truth, knowledge, justice—in short, all the highest and purest endeavors of which humanity is capable.' He sees the progressive deterioration of German science and all domains of the intellect, a process which will go irresistibly on as long as the Nazi régime lasts.

Miss Mann effectively dispels any wishful thinking about the passing character of Nazism. Her book is at once an excellent piece of reporting and a warning to the democratic nations to avoid the monstrous poison of Fascism. Although bolstered by official documents, the book is simply written. It deserves wide reading among those who may still draw breath without leave of the State.

The book by Dr. Clifford Kirkpatrick, Professor of Sociology at the University of Minnesota, effectively supports the truth of Miss Mann's smaller work. Professor Kirkpatrick undertook a study of women and family life in Nazi Germany in a spirit of scientific truth. His study was conducted on the spot, during a year's residence in Germany. He found eager informants among National Socialists, and reluctant informants among scientists and administrators willing to give reliable information but afraid to speak too frankly. 'No doubt, to many National Socialists,' he writes, 'scientific analysis of their movement will seem like betrayal of friendship and ingratitude for hospitality.'

There emerges from this dispassionate and scholarly treatise precisely the same pattern that is so ably presented by Erika Mann. In considering one central phase of the whole German national development and system, the author throws much light on the entire character of National Socialism. He describes the conquest of women by National Socialism, the career and work of Frau Scholtz-Klink, the Nazi women's leader, family life, breeding for quality, the struggle for a higher birthrate, and the renascence of the old *Kirche, Küche und Kinder* ideal on a tremendously amplified scale. There is indication here of wide reading of source material, which has been utilized in scholarly fashion. Professor Kirk-

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patrick possesses a sense of humor, in contrast to Miss Mann, whose sense of outrage as a German understandably overshadows any desire for finding laughter in a macabre situation.

Professor Kirkpatrick's analysis of German women from the viewpoint of the sociologist is a penetrating one. He finds them loyal followers, who have followed their men into war, revolution and reaction. 'Victims of their own virtues, they were won by love for membership in an intimate tribal group, welded together by hatred of outer enemies, real or imagined.' He summarizes every line of evidence on the Nazi experiment as converging on the proposition that Germany consciously or unconsciously is preparing for war. 'The Germans have become a nation of sleepwalkers who commit acts of hatred with words of love, who talk of peace and move toward war. . . . The sleepwalkers are marching blindly behind their hypnotic leader.'

The drummer-boy of National Socialism has maintained that he is fighting against an international Jewish-Bolshevik conspiracy aimed at the Third Reich. These two books, certainly not written by Bolsheviks, are damning indictments of a régime that has outraged world sentiment. For the sake of all that is precious in human life, it is to be hoped that Wickham Steed's conclusion upon dictatorships will be borne out: 'the march of free civilization moves away from dictatorships toward the hard attainment and preservation of personal and political liberty.'

—Louis L. Snyder

The Pursuit of Happiness. *By Herbert Agar. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1938. 387 pages. $3.00.*

MR. AGAR contends that the Democratic Party has been 'the one enduring institution in our political life,' and that 'the story of American democracy' can be told in terms of it. His analyses of Democratic administrations, leaders and principles, from the days of Jefferson down to but not including those of Franklin D. Roosevelt, display a wide knowledge of our history and a mature grappling with the real problems of American society. His book easily supercedes all previous discussions of the Democratic Party, including Frank Kent's, for while it lacks the detail of its predecessors it has the advantage of a better philosophical background. Mr. Agar, a practicing journalist of long experience, seems to know what Mr. Kent, also a practicing journalist of long experience, seems never to have learned, namely, that the realism of the editorial room is frequently no more than stubborn naïveté, and that in politics the devil does not always sing the best or most enduring tunes.

In this connection Mr. Agar's sections on Grover Cleveland and William Jennings Bryan deserve special commendation. The first, he points out, for all his honesty and alleged courage—which latter turned into indiscriminate thickheadedness—lacked statesmanship since he was more interested in saving dimes and in delivering postal cards on time than in salvaging lives and trying to understand the causes of economic discontent. Cleveland practiced budgetary economy at the expense of human welfare, and he was rugged —as in the Pullman strike—just when he should have been sympathetic. He dealt with social forces as if they were problems in Sunday school discipline. His 'record on the silver issue was unimaginative and hysterical.'

Bryan 'knew more about the American mind and heart instinctively as a young Congressman than Cleveland after eight years in the White House.' He belonged in the Jefferson-Jackson tradition, which from the beginning of the Republic has upheld the ideal of 'equal rights for all and special privileges for none.' His life, despite his inability to get into the White House and his embarrassing last few years as a Prohibitionist, opponent of Darwinism and Florida real estate operator, was far from a failure. He kept the principles of the author of the Declaration of Independence before the American people, he gave direction and dignity to Wilson's New Freedom, and he presented the nation with a rare example of intelligence and integrity when he resigned from the Cabinet on the war issue.

Mr. Agar's attempt to squeeze all progressivism into the mold of the Democratic Party, though ingenious, leads him into strange judgments and even stranger silences. To call Lincoln a Jeffersonian and John Tyler half a Jeffersonian, because they exhibited courage and social-mindedness, really makes little sense, for both stood for a strong central government, which Jefferson opposed. On the other hand, to refuse the label Jeffersonian to

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the Western Progressives—the elder La Follette, George W. Norris, Thomas J. Walsh—makes even less sense. Though they opposed Bryan on details, they saw eye to eye with him on nearly all the larger issues facing the country.

Then, again, Mr. Agar's program for the future smells too much of the Community Church pulpit. Vague and somewhat unctuous, he comes out in favor of an extension of economic democracy grounded on private property and the Bill of Rights, adding that what the full realization of the American tradition really needs is a moral regeneration of Americans: 'In the end, whether we make America a good or a bad country will depend upon what we make, individually, of ourselves. A selfish and greedy people cannot be free.' Very noble and no doubt true, but effective and enlightened politics cannot flourish on a diet of the Sermon of the Mount alone. It consists largely of manipulating and regulating specific social forces for the common good and within the widest personal and group liberties.

Fortunately, Mr. Agar devotes relatively little space to planning the future. The major part of his book concerns the struggle Jeffersonianism has waged in the nation and within its own party to survive. The history of that struggle forms one of the most instructive chapters in our annals, and Mr. Agar presents that history shrewdly and sympathetically, and with constant reference to contemporary affairs.

—Charles Angoff

A People's History of England. *By A. L. Morton. New York: Random House. 1938. 517 pages. $3.00.*

The Decline and Fall of the British Empire. *By Robert Briffault. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1938. 264 pages. $2.00.*

England's history, which has recently come in for a great deal of one-sided discussion due to that country's notorious partnership in the Munich disaster, here receives a thorough overhauling. In this country we have been reacting against the smugness and sense of superiority which are particularly evident in most English historians. This reaction has not led to a better understanding of England's historical problems, but has clouded them even more with blind fury.

In a 500-page historical essay, Mr. Morton analyzes the historical facts which we all know from the point of view of the class struggle and the economic background. In doing this he gives them a coherence and a new significance which are absent from the usual piecemeal or superficial interpretations. England's past and present blunders are examined in a detached way, and answers are found to the bitter questions asked by angry liberals.

In spite of the immense field which he covers—from the earliest Celts up to the present—Mr. Morton's book does not give the impression of being a hurried survey. His account of the Commonwealth period gives a vivid picture of the clashing economic forces which gave rise to the revolution. He has time for an excellent analysis of the tragic history of Ireland, and, of course, devotes an unusually large space to the origins and development of working class consciousness. His sketch of the last one hundred years of English history, however, is drawn with strokes too broad to give an entirely true picture of the complex motives behind English foreign and imperial policy during that time.

In spite of the inevitable limitations of an essay covering such a multitude of facts, *A People's History of England* leaves the ordinary reader, unversed in the subtle details of English history, with a real understanding of its background, which he would not gain from the usual superficial historical survey, or from the more fashionable anti-English polemic.

In contrast to Mr. Morton's scholarly and thoughtful book, Mr. Briffault has written a scathing attack on England. He has offered England as a new scapegoat on which the progressive world can vent its frustrated anger since the disaster at Munich. In this book the English ruling class in general, including the Labour Party leaders, has been shown almost wholly responsible for the position in which the world today finds itself. And in a succinct polemic on English history, Mr. Briffault shows that England's notorious two-facedness, impersonated today by Neville Chamberlain, is not a thing of the present, but has always existed.

Throughout the history of her domination of the world, says Mr. Briffault, English foreign policy has been consistently on the side of reaction except where it was more 'practical'—that is to say, more advantageous to the London financiers—to support a liberal movement. Her historic selfish 'balance of power' policy

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has led her, for instance, to support a young and growing Germany which later felt itself strong enough to involve the world in a terrible war. Her present active support of the Hitler and Mussolini régimes is motivated solely by her one obsessing desire to destroy the Soviet Union and with it the threat to her own bourgeois complacency and the subservience of her empire. But it is her own destruction that she is achieving, Mr. Briffault notes with a kind of bitter satisfaction.

The apotheosis of the bourgeois soul, in all its fulsome smugness and hypocrisy, is embodied for Mr. Briffault in the England of the Victorian Age. This has made her what she is today, the most dangerous enemy—not excluding Hitler—to the cause of world peace. Every barbarity of which Hitler, Franco or the Japanese have been guilty has been committed by the English at some time in their history, together with a number of acts of which the less subtle villains are incapable. And these barbarities are peculiar not to a ruling clique, but to all of England, excepting the servile and cruelly betrayed working classes. . . . 'What is peculiar to England is not the ferocity, or the unscrupulousness, or the mental limitations of its reactionaries. . . . But there are everywhere else minds capable of throwing off the conditioning effects of reaction, and of being completely disloyal to it. Not so in England. His Majesty's loyal Opposition is—loyal.'

Mr. Briffault's sweeping denunciation of everything English, from the Public Schools and cricket matches to Charles Dickens, weakens his position. His prejudice is too bitter to be entirely convincing. His historical interpretation is too short and too one-sided to be accurate. *The Decline and Fall of the British Empire* is a polemical pamphlet, a vicious attack. It has, however, a leavening effect in bringing to our attention the fact that the democracies have built much of our present world, including Hitler and Mussolini.

—Katharine Scherman

The Survivors. *By Rene Béhaine. Translated by Edward Crankshaw. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1938. $2.50. 358 pages.*

IN HIS introduction, Ford Madox Ford calls the author of *The Survivors* a paradox, a combination of French royalist, atheist and pacifist. And one might conclude that in M. Béhaine we have another example of a writer torn by inner conflicts and bursting with consciousness of the conflicts in French society. But all these paradoxes dissolve in the persistent geniality of M. Béhaine's temperament. He is interested in surfaces, in trifles. And so his royalism shows itself not in descriptions of the *Action Française*, but in a devotion to old country families that are decaying so gradually as to set up a faint aroma of lavender in place of the Proustian stench. His pacifism is an expression of the inherent gentleness of disposition which leads him to avert his gaze from anything disturbing, any violence or even rapidity of movement. He loves to describe the dull evenings before the chateau fire when the hunting season is done and count and countess fall asleep over their cards. He lingers for chapters over the religious observances of women in confessionals and children in convent schools where the annual saint's play is an exciting escape from continual discipline. Clearly, if M. Béhaine is an atheist, his disbelief is gently smothered in most kindly tolerance for the charm of habitual rituals of living. His is the world of the Elysian Fields, a pastel by Puvis de Chavannes, in which the grand manner of the seigneurs survives in faint, familiar gestures.

—Edwin Berry Burgum

Dunant: The Story of the Red Cross. *By Martin Gumpert. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. 323 pages. $2.50.*

THIS story of one of the most brilliant achievements of humanity is published at a time when a horrified world must recognize that hospitals and ambulances, though clearly marked with the insignia of the Red Cross, and though operating under the neutrality provisions of the Geneva Convention, are no longer safe in war time. It will be recalled that the spirit and plan of that Convention was born in the mind of a man whose tenacious efforts to unite the nations of the world in agreement to 'humanize' warfare were finally given formal expression in the Conference of 1864.

That man was Henri Dunant who, after the classic example of most martyrs to a cause, died in poverty and oblivion. Tragically, he was never rewarded in proportion to the grandeur of his labors.

In his previous volume, *Trailblazers of Science*, Martin Gumpert described the lives of

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men who suffered and died for their contributions to the progress and contentment of mankind. Dunant was not precisely of this company. He did not endure great hardship in publicizing his idea of neutrality for units of medical aid in war time, by means of an international convention. He had the financial means that the effective publicist must have. But his particular misfortune was that at a time when all his resources, physical and economic, were most needed for the success of his principle, Dunant lost his fortune.

That loss filled him with defeatism. Belonging himself to the bourgeois world, he could not stand the humiliation of bankruptcy, and that world would not, moreover, continue to picture him as the hero he undeniably was. He was filled with despair. Some time afterward, Alfred Nobel's secretary found him living in a poorhouse, in bitter isolation. Even the bestowal on him of the Nobel Award did not serve to raise his spirits. In his last will the embittered man asserted he wished 'to be carried to my grave like a dog.'

The author, creditably, has not resorted to melodramatic tricks in this life of Dunant, as has lately been the practice of other biographers. And while the book is a definitive account of Dunant's life, it is also a well-balanced exposition of the contemporary trends of thought, as well as the historical facts, that made possible the establishment of the Red Cross. The book, accordingly, is compulsory reading for those interested in this international humanitarian institution.

—KONRAD MARIL

MARCHING ORDERS. *By I. V. Morris. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. 1938. 307 pages. $2.50.*

A novel whose central character, a prosperous Greek tailor in Paris, unexpectedly finds himself in possession of an airplane at a time when his life has become tasteless. Escapist literature, but better than average.

ENGLISH RUE. *By Martin Hare. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. 1938. 517 pages. $2.50.*

A highly original novel about childhood sweethearts parted, each to marry unhappily. By the subtle agency of a death and a divorce, childhood sweethearts, now mature, are reunited. There's a good deal of tea-drinking and pining for the English countryside.

SHADOWS AROUND THE LAKE. *Guy de Pourtalès. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. 480 pages. $3.00.*

Semi-autobiographical novel, last year awarded the Grand Prix du Roman and the Prix Gobert by the French Academy, and in England the Heinemann Prize, by the author of biographical studies of Wagner, Liszt and Chopin. The background is largely Geneva, and the theme is the musician-protagonist's indecision whether he is in love with a lady of ethereal predilections, or a 'magnificent human animal.'

THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH. *By George Fielding Eliot. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 1938. 370 pages. $3.00.*

Major Eliot, co-author of *If War Comes*, seeks to demolish the 'complacent belief that America is impregnable.' If the author does not write as well as England's Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, he nevertheless is convincing in his argument that our defenses are inadequate at a particularly inappropriate time.

BEHOLD OUR LAND. *By Russell Lord. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1938. Illustrated. 307 pages. $3.00.*

This is a novel study of the topographical differences of the various regions of the country, translated into human terms. American regional traits are the result of our differing topographical environments, the author holds, and he develops his argument and his ideas with a nice sense of theater. Means of combating the recurrent soil-erosion catastrophe are treated in full.

BEFORE THE WAR: STUDIES IN DIPLOMACY. Volume II: THE COMING OF THE STORM. *By G. P. Gooch. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1938. 447 pages. $4.00.*

Scholarly and minutely documented analyses of the politics and diplomacy preceding the World War, as revealed in the official careers of Lord Grey, Poincaré, Bethmann-Hollweg, Serge Sazonoff and Count Leopold Berchtold.

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THE GUIDE POST

(*Continued*)

by Marcel Homet, President of the Inter-African Union of French Colonists, who recently made a trip along the coast and interior of Black Africa. He had the exceptional good fortune to stay on the Bissagos Islands, to which hitherto no Frenchman has been admitted, where he saw with his own eyes the work carried on by German colonists. From this stay he has drawn some very interesting conclusions, in his article 'Nazi Vanguard on the Gold Coast.' His investigation in Liberia, the Cameroons and British Gambia, among other sections of Africa, have borne out these conclusions, namely, that Germany is building naval and airplane bases at strategic places in Africa and that she is ready to utilize them when the hour strikes. [p. 324]

OUR story for this month is set against the colorful background of the Malayan jungle. The author of the story, Henri Fauconnier, who in 1930 received the Prix Goncourt for his book *Malaisie*, is well known for his stories about life in the East. He has recently published another book on that subject called *Visions*. [p. 329]

OUR 'Persons and Personages' sketches for this month include an exhaustive survey of the career of Max Amann, President of the Reich Presse-Kammer, leader of the N.S.D.A.P., and owner, together with Adolf Hitler, of the Eher Verlag, which controls practically the whole German press. The story of this man, who has made Hitler a rich man, throws some interesting side-lights upon Hitler himself. [p. 337]. The second sketch deals with that genial artist, André Derain, one of the first *fauves*, to whom still clings the aura of Montparnasse in a time of Cézanne and Gauguin. [p. 341]

'ATLANTIS RISES!', a brilliant satire upon present-day international politics by a promising new author, illustrates the adage that man never knows what to do with his blessings. Mr. Adams, who has written many stories about the sea and whose articles have been published in various magazines, gives us his version of an international incident to end all international incidents. [p. 344]

ILYA EHRENBOURG was a Russian correspondent in Spain through the duration of the war and his vivid dispatches have been reprinted in many American as well as Russian and French papers. Upon leaving Spain, Ehrenbourg went to another prospective trouble spot, Alsace. According to the maps distributed by the Germans in Sudetenland, Alsace will be taken by the Germans in the year 1941. Meanwhile, Ehrenbourg describes the activities that are carried on by German propaganda in expectation of '*Der Tag*.' [p. 355]. In the same section, 'Switzerland Pays Lip Service' deals less with the direct political influence of Germany than with the inroads made by her on Swiss cultural life. However, this is how a German Government-inspired article in the *Deutsche Volkswirt* views the Swiss problem: 'The economic relations between Germany and Switzerland are profoundly affected by the new political structure in Central and Southeastern Europe. It can be foreseen that the foreign trade of Switzerland will in future take an entirely new form, the extent and vitality of which depends essentially on the question whether the Swiss Government is ready to improve the existing economic relations between the two nations.' [p. 359]

IN 'Miscellany' Z. Rowe, a facetious Englishman, writes of two kinds of pacts: those that don't mean what they say and those that don't mean anything [p. 362]; Maximo Ramos, in 'Philippine Kitchen Taboos,' reveals some Ilocano, Zambal and Moro secrets [p. 364]; a diver reports on the efforts to salvage 'Treasures at the Bottom of the Sea.' [p. 366]

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